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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
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## CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

THE round bright sun in the west hung low;  
 It was old-fashioned Christmas weather.  
 I remember the fields were white with snow  
 As we stood by the stile together.  
 In the woods the berries grew thick and red;  
 Yet I lingered and called it "Folly!"  
 When you said with a smile: "Let us cross  
 the stile  
 And gather some Christmas holly."

But over the fields by the frozen brook  
 We went where the boughs were sprinkled  
 With snow; and deep in a sheltered nook  
 The waterfall faintly tinkled.  
 A brave little robin sang out in the cold:  
 It was only young lovers' folly,  
 But we listened so long to the redbreast's song  
 That we almost forgot the holly.

Then the light died out of the golden day,  
 And the moon showed her silvery bow,  
 And we never knew if our homeward way  
 Lay through rose-leaves or drifted snow.  
 One bright star shone in the pale clear sky;  
 And my mother said it was folly  
 To listen so long to a robin's song—  
 But we brought home the Christmas holly.

You stir not now from our ingle nook,  
 And my hair is white like the snow;  
 For the story you told 'mid the sunset gold  
 Is a story of long ago.  
 As hand clasps hand by the winter fire,  
 Do you deem it an old wife's folly  
 That my eyes grow wet with a sweet regret  
 When I look at the Christmas holly?  
 Chambers' Journal. E. MATHESON.

## LONDON TWILIGHT.

THE winter day is fading fast,  
 A day of bitter wind and sleet;  
 And dreaming of a brighter past  
 I sit and gaze across the street.

A little girl with sunny hair  
 Stands looking through the window-pane,  
 And sees a future May-time fair,  
 With clearer skies and softer rain.

My heart goes backward, miles and miles,  
 To gather withered leaves and flowers,  
 But on her hopeful fancy smiles  
 The bright new green of summer bowers.

Her trusting glances, never dim,  
 Pierce swiftly through the twilight haze,  
 And meet the tender face of Him  
 Whose love is watching both our ways.

Ah, little girl, across the street  
 My spirit flies to learn of thine!  
 Thy childish faith, so calm and sweet,  
 Is wiser than all thoughts of mine.

For hope is better than regret,  
 And one who loves us both may be  
 Waiting beside still waters yet  
 In pastures green to welcome me.  
 Leisure Hour. SARAH DOUDNEY.

## A VIGIL.

ON either side the gate,  
 Looking out o'er the land,  
 The two tall poplars stand;  
 Silent they watch and wait:  
 A red rose grows by the fastened door,  
 And blooms for those who will come no more  
 Up the pathway strait.

Empty are byre and stall,  
 But the waters plash and gleam,  
 And the low trees by the stream  
 Let their yellow leaflets fall  
 Bright as of old; and the waste vine flings  
 Her strangling tangle of leaves and rings  
 O'er the ruined wall.

Who cometh hushed and late  
 Here in the dusk? For whom  
 Do the blood-red roses bloom  
 And the faithful poplars wait?  
 What is it steals through the crumbling gate,  
 With soundless feet on the pathway strait,  
 In the twilight gloom?

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.  
 Longman's Magazine.

BACKWARD moves the kindly dial;  
 And I'm numbered once again  
 With those noblest of their species  
 Called emphatically "Men:"  
 Loaf, as I have loafed aforetime,  
 Through the streets, with tranquil mind,  
 And a long-backed fancy-mongrel  
 Trailing casually behind:

Past the Senate-house I saunter,  
 Whistling with an easy grace;  
 Past the cabbage-stalks that carpet  
 Still the beefy market-place;  
 Poising evermore the eyeglass  
 In the light sarcastic eye,  
 Lest, by chance, some breezy nursemaid  
 Pass, without a tribute, by.

Once, an unassuming freshman,  
 Thro' these wilds I wandered on,  
 Seeing in each house a college,  
 Under every cap a don:  
 Each perambulating infant  
 Had a magic in its squall,  
 For my eager eye detected  
 Senior wranglers in them all.

C. S. Calverly in "Cap and Gown."

From The Fortnightly Review.  
LITERARY CRITICISM IN FRANCE.\*

WHEN the curators of the Taylorian Institution honored me with an invitation to lecture on some subject connected with the study of modern literature, I glanced back over my recent reading, and I found that a large part, perhaps an undue proportion of it, had consisted of French literary history and French literary criticism. The recent death of that eminent critic, M. Scherer, had led me to make a survey of his writings. I had found in M. Brunetière an instructor vigorous and severe in matters of literature; one who allies modern thought with classical tradition. I had beguiled some hours, not more pleasantly than profitably, with M. Jules Lemaitre's bright if slender studies of contemporary writers, in which the play of ideas is contrived with all the skill and grace of a decorative art. I had followed M. Paul Bourget, as many of us have done, through his more laborious analyses in which he investigates, by means of typical representatives in literature, the moral life of our time. And I had in some measure possessed myself of the legacy of thought left to us by two young writers, ardent students, interested in the philosophical aspects of literature, whose premature loss French letters must deplore, M. Guyau, the author of several volumes on questions of morals and æsthetics, and M. Hennequin, whose attempt to draw the outlines of a system of scientific criticism has at least the merit of bold ingenuity. It seemed to me that I had fresh in my mind matter which must be of interest to all who care for literature, and that I should not do ill if I were to try to gather up some of my impressions on recent literary criticism, and especially on methods or proposed methods of criticism in France.

Nearly a generation has passed since a distinguished son of Oxford, Mr. Matthew Arnold, declared that the chief need of our time — and especially the need of our own country — was a truer and more enlightened criticism. He did not speak merely of literature; he meant that we

needed a fresh current of ideas about life in its various provinces. But he included the province of literature, the importance of which, and especially of poetry, no man estimated more highly than did Mr. Arnold. And as the essential prelude to a better criticism, he made his gallant, and far from unsuccessful, effort to disturb our national self-complacency, to make us feel that Philistia is not a land which is very far off; he made the experiment, which he regarded as in the best sense patriotic, to rearrange for our uses the tune of "Rule Britannia" in a minor key. His contribution to our self-knowledge was a valuable one, if wisely used. The elegant lamentations of the prophet over his people in captivity to the Philistines were more than elegant, they were inspired by a fine ideal of intellectual freedom, and were animated by a courageous hope that the ideal might be, in part at least, attained. Disciples, however, too often parody the master, and I am not sure that success in any other affectation is more cheaply won than in the affectation of depreciating one's kinsfolk and one's home. There is a Jacques-like melancholy arising from the sundry contemplation of one's intellectual travel, which disinclines its possessor for simple household tasks. Our British inaccessibility to ideas, our wilfulness of temper, our caprices of intellect, our insular narrowness, the provinciality of our thought, the brutality of our journals, the banality of our popular teachers, our incapacity to govern, or at least to be gracious in governing — these are themes on which it has become easy to dilate: —

Most can raise the flowers now,  
For all have got the seed.

And with the aid of a happy eclecticism which chooses for comparison the bright abroad with the dark or dull at home, and reserves all its amiable partiality and dainty enthusiasm for our neighbors, it really has not been difficult to acquire a new and superior kind of complacency, the complacency of national self-depreciation.

As regards the criticism of literature, Mr. Arnold did good service in directing our eyes to France, and when we spoke of

\* Read as the Taylorian Lecture, Oxford, November 20th, 1889.

French literary criticism any time in the fifties and sixties of this century, we meant first of all Sainte-Beuve. Here Mr. Arnold was surely right, nor did he depart from the balance and measure which he so highly valued when, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," he described Sainte-Beuve as an unrivalled guide to bring us to a knowledge of the French genius and literature — "perfect, so far as a poor mortal critic can be perfect, in knowledge of his subject, in tact, in tone." We are all pupils of Sainte-Beuve. But to what Mr. Arnold has said of Sainte-Beuve, I should like to add this: that while the great critic was French in his tact, French in his art of finely insinuating opinions, in his seeming *bonhomie*, and at the same time in the delicate malice of his pen, French above all in his sense of the intimate relations of literature with social life, his method as a critic was not the dominant method of France; it was hardly characteristic of the French intellect; it was his own method, and it had been in great measure our English method.\*

For, while possessing extraordinary mobility within certain limits seldom overpassed, the French intellect, as compared with that of England, is pre-eminently systematic, and to attain system, or method, or order in its ideas, it is often content to view things in an abstract or generalizing way, or even to omit things which present a difficulty to the systematizer. At the highest this order is a manifestation of reason, and when it imposes itself upon our minds, it brings with it that sense of freedom which accompanies the recognition of a law. But when by evading difficulties a pseudo-order is established, and when this is found, as it inevitably will be found in the course of time, to be a tyranny, then the spirit of system becomes really an element of disorder, provoking the spirit of anarchy, and, as M. Nisard has called it, the spirit of chimera. In a nation where the tendency towards centralization is strong, and a central authority has been constituted, an order of ideas, which is probably in part true, in

part false, will be imposed by that authority, and as years go by this will become traditional. So it was in France. The Academy was precisely such a central authority in matters intellectual, and from its origin it asserted a claim to be a tribunal in literary criticism. It imposed a doctrine, and created a tradition. But even among writers who revolted from the traditional or Academical manner in criticism, the spirit of system was often present, for the spirit of system is characteristic of the intellect of France. An idea, a dogma was enounced, and the facts were selected, or compelled to square with the idea; an age was reduced to some formula which was supposed to express the spirit of that age, and the writers of the time were attenuated into proofs of a theory.

Now Sainte-Beuve's method as a critic was as far as possible removed from this abstract and doctrinaire method. He loved ideas, but he feared the tyranny of an idea. He was on his guard against the spirit of system. Upon his seal was engraved the English word "Truth," and the root of everything in his criticism, as Mr. Arnold said of him, is his simple-hearted devotion to truth. Mr. Arnold might have added that his method for the discovery of truth is the method characteristic of the best English minds, that of living and working in the closest relation with facts, and incessantly revising his opinions so that they may be in accord with facts. It will be in the memory of readers of Sainte-Beuve that in 1862, in the articles on Chateaubriand, afterwards included in the third volume of "Nouveaux Lundis," he turned aside to give an exposition of his own critical method. He had been reproached with the fact that he had no theory. "Those who deal most favorably with me have been pleased to say that I am a sufficiently good judge, but a judge who is without a code." And while admitting that there existed no code Sainte-Beuve, he went on to maintain that he had a method, formed by practice, and to explain what that method was. It was that for which afterwards, when reviewing a work by M. Deschanel, he accepted the name of naturalistic criticism. He tells us how we are inevitably carried from the

\* Mr. Arnold's *hoge* does not apply to the earlier writings of Sainte-Beuve, which were wanting in critical balance, and often in critical disinterestedness.

book under our view to the entire work of the author, and so to the author himself ; how we should study the author as forming one of a group with the other members of his household, and in particular that it is wise to look for his talent in the mother, and, if there be sisters, in one or more of the sisters ; how we should seek for him in "le premier milieu," the group of friends and contemporaries who surrounded him at the moment when his genius first became full-fledged ; how again we should choose for special observation the moment when he begins to decay, or decline, or deviate from his true line of advance under the influences of the world ; for such a moment comes, says Sainte-Beuve, to almost every man ; how we should approach our author through his admirers and through his enemies ; and how, as the result of all these processes of study, sometimes the right word emerges which claims, beyond all power of resistance, to be a definition of the author's peculiar talent ; such an one is a "rhetorician," such an one an "improvisator of genius." Chateaubriand himself, the subject of Sainte-Beuve's *causerie*, is "an Epicurean with the imagination of a Catholic." But, adds Sainte-Beuve, let us wait for this characteristic name, let us not hasten to give it.

This method of Sainte-Beuve, this inductive or naturalistic method, which advances cautiously from details to principles, and which is ever on its guard against the idols that deceive the mind, did not, as he says, quite satisfy even his admirers among his own countrymen. They termed his criticism a negative criticism, without a code of principles ; they demanded a theory. But it is a method which accords well with our English habits of thought ; and the fact is perhaps worth noting that while Mr. Arnold was engaged in indicating, for our use, the vices and the foibles of English criticism as compared with that of France, Sainte-Beuve was thinking of a great English philosopher as the best preparatory master for those who would acquire a sure judgment in literature. "To be in literary history and criticism a disciple of Bacon," he wrote, "seems to me the need of our time." Bacon laid his

foundations on a solid groundwork of facts, but it was his whole purpose to rise from these to general truths. And Sainte-Beuve looked forward to a time when as the result of countless observations, a science might come into existence which should be able to arrange into their various species or families the varieties of human intellect and character, so that the dominant quality of a mind being ascertained we might be able to infer from this a group of subordinate qualities. But even in his anticipations of a science of criticism Sainte-Beuve would not permit the spirit of system to tyrannize over him. Such a science, he says, can never be quite of the same kind as botany or zoology ; man has "what is called *freedom of will*," which at all events presupposes a great complexity in possible combinations. And even if at some remote period, this science of human minds should be organized, it will always be so delicate and mobile, says Sainte-Beuve, that "it will exist only for those who have a natural calling for it, and a true gift for observation ; it will always be an *art* requiring a skilful artist, as medicine requires medical tact in those who practise it." There are numberless obscure phenomena to be dealt with in the criticism of literature, and they are the phenomena of life, in perpetual process of change ; there are *nuances* to be caught, which, in the words of one who has tried to observe and record them, are "more fugitive than the play of light on the waters." Sainte-Beuve felt that to keep a living mind in contact with life must for the present be the chief effort of criticism, to touch here some vital point, and again some other point there. In that remarkable volume, "Le Roman Expérimental," in which M. Zola deals with his fellow authors not so much in the manner of a judge as in that of a truculent gendarme, he lays violent hold on Sainte-Beuve, claiming him as essentially a critic of his own so-called experimental school ; not, indeed, that Sainte-Beuve's was one of those superior minds which comprehend their age, for was he not rather repelled than subdued by the genius of Balzac, and did he not fail to perceive that the romantic movement of 1830 was no more than the



cry for deliverance from dogma and tradition of an age on its way to the naturalism of M. Zola himself? Still, says M. Zola, in certain pages Sainte-Beuve formulated with a tranquil daring the experimental method "which we put in practice." And it is true that there are points of contact between Sainte-Beuve's criticism, with its careful study of the author's *milieu*, and the doctrines proclaimed by M. Zola. But what a contrast between the spirits of the two men; what a contrast in the application to life even of the ideas which they possessed in common! M. Zola, whose mind is overridden, if ever a mind was, by the spirit of system; whose work, misnamed realistic, is one monstrous idealizing of humanity under the types of the man-brute and the woman-brute; and Sainte-Beuve, who in his method would fain be the disciple of our English Bacon; Sainte-Beuve, ever alert and mobile, ever fitting his mind to the nicenesses of fact, or tentatively grouping his facts in the hope that he may ascertain their law; Sainte-Beuve, whom, if the word "realism" be forced upon us, as it seems to be at the present time, we may name a genuine realist in the inductive study of the temperaments of all sorts and conditions of men.

Of M. Scherer I spoke a few days after his death in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, and I shall only say here that he resembled Sainte-Beuve at least in this, that he too feared the tyranny of the spirit of system. In his earlier years, indeed, he had aspired as a philosophical thinker and a theologian to the possession of a body of absolute beliefs; but he found, or thought he found, that all which he had supposed to be fixed was moving, was altering its shape and position. He saw, or thought he saw, a sinking of the soil on which he had built his house as if to last forever, a gaining of the tide upon the solid land; he recognized, as so many have had to recognize in this century of moral difficulty, the processes of the evolution, or at least the vicissitude, of beliefs. He ceased to hope for truth absolute, but it was not as one disillusioned and disenchanted that he took refuge in the relative. He felt that his appointed task of truth-seeking had grown more serious and more full of promise. It seemed to him that there was something childish in the play of building up elaborate erections of dogma, ingenious toy-houses, to be tumbled down presently by the trailing skirts of Time. The business of a man was rather, as he conceived it, to live by the

truth of to-day, trusting that it would develop into the completer truth of to-morrow, to contribute something of sound knowledge and well-considered opinion to the common fund, to work with all other honest minds towards some common result, though what that result may be, none of us as yet can be aware. He thought that he could perceive a logic in the general movement of the human mind, and he was content, for his own part, to contribute a fragment of truth here and a fragment there which might be taken up in the vast inductions of that mighty logician, the *Zeit-Geist*.

A critic of such a temper as this can hardly set up absolute standards by which to judge, he can hardly make any one age the final test of another, and condemn the classic because it is not romantic, or the romantic because it is not classic. Yet he is far from being a sceptic either in matters of faith or matters of literary conviction; he may possess very clear and strong opinions, and indeed it becomes his duty to give a decided expression to his own view of truth, even if it be but a partial view, for how otherwise can he assist in the general movement of thought? The discomfiture of the absolute, as Scherer has said, is an aid to tolerance, is even favorable to indulgence, but it need not and should not paralyze the judgment, or hopelessly perplex the literary conscience. And Scherer himself was indeed at times more inclined to severity than to indulgence; behind the man, who was the nominal subject of his criticism, he saw the idea, and with an idea it is not necessary to observe the punctilio of fine manners. He must at the same time make his own idea precise, must argue out his own thesis. Yet he feels all the while that his own idea, his own thesis, has only a relative value, and that his criticism is at best something tentative. Scherer's conviction that all our truths are only relative, and that none the less they are of the utmost importance to us, gives in great measure its special character, at once tentative and full of decision, to his criticism.

But Scherer came on his father's side from a Swiss family, and the Parisian critic had been formed in the school of Protestant Geneva; Sainte-Beuve's mother was of English origin, and his reading as a boy was largely in our English books. These are facts which may fairly be noted by one who accepts Sainte-Beuve's principles of literary investigation. The critical methods characteristic of the French intellect as contrasted with the English intel-

lect are not the methods which guide and govern the work of these writers. Their work lacks the large ordonnance, the ruling logic, the *vues d'ensemble* in which the French mind, inheritor of Latin tradition, delights. Without a moment's resistance we yield ourselves to such guides, because the processes of their minds agree with those to which we are accustomed, only they are conducted by them with an ease and grace which with us are rare. But perhaps we gain more, or at least something more distinctive, from contact with intellects of a type which differs essentially from the English type, minds more speculative than ours, more apt in bringing masses of concrete fact under the rule and regimen of ideas. These characteristics of the French intellect are exhibited in a very impressive way by two well-known histories of literature, which, as regards methods and principles of criticism, stand as far apart from each other as it is possible to conceive — Nisard's "History of French Literature," and the more more celebrated "History of English Literature" by Taine. The one is of the elder school of criticism, dogmatic and traditional; the other is of the newer school, and claims to be considered scientific. Both are works over which ideas preside — or perhaps we might say dominate with an excessive authority. A mind of the English type could hardly have produced either of the two.

The name of M. Désiré Nisard seems to carry us far into the past. It is more than half a century since he made his masked attack on the romantic school, then in its fervid youth, in his "Latin Poets of the Decadence," and put forth his famous manifesto against *la littérature facile*. It was in 1840 that the first two volumes of his "History of French Literature" appeared; but twenty years passed before that work was completed; and it is little more than twelve months since M. Nisard gave to the public his "Souvenirs et Notes biographiques," volumes followed, perhaps unfortunately for his fame, by the "Ægri Somnia" of the present year. Such a life of devotion to letters is rare, and the unity of his career was no less remarkable than its length. For sixty years M. Nisard was a guardian of the dignity of French letters, a guardian of the purity of the French language, a maintainer of the traditions of learning and thought, an inflexible judge in matters of intellect and taste. The aggressive sallies of his earlier years were only part of the system of defence which at a later time

he conducted with greater reserve from within the stronghold of his own ideas. When the first volumes of his "History of French Literature" were written, M. Nisard's doctrine and method were fully formed, and when, twenty years later, he finished his task, it seemed never to have been interrupted; and though the author was of Voltaire's opinion that he who does not know how to correct, does not know how to write, there was nothing to alter in essentials of the former part of the work. It is a work which cannot be popular, for its method is opposed to that which at present has the mastery, and its style has a magisterial, almost a monumental, concision, which is not to the liking of the crowd of torpid readers. It is, says a contemporary critic, a feature in common between two writers, in other respects so unlike, M. Nisard and M. Renan, that neither can be enjoyed by the common mass of readers, because "they are equally concerned, though in different ways, with the effort to be sober and simple, to efface colors that are over lively, and never to depart, in the temperate expression of their thought, from that scrupulous precision and exquisite *netteté* which Vauvenargues has named *le vernis des maitres*." But though it cannot live the noisy life of a popular book, M. Nisard's "History" remains, and does its work, a work all the more valuable because it resists in many ways, the currents of opinion and taste in our age.

What, then, is M. Nisard's method? It is as far as possible removed from the method of Sainte-Beuve, as far as possible removed from what I may call the English method of criticism. A piece of literature — a poem, a novel, a play — carries Sainte-Beuve to the other works of the author, whether they be of the same kind or not, and thence to the author himself, to the little group of persons with whom he lived and acted, and to the general society of which he formed a member. M. Nisard views the work apart from its author and apart from his other works, if those other works be of a different literary species. He compares this book or that with other books of the same *genre*, or rather with the type of the *genre*, which, by a process of abstraction, he has formed in his own mind; he brings it into comparison with his ideal of the peculiar genius of the nation, his ideal of the genius of France, if the book be French; he tests its language by his ideal of the genius of the French language; finally, he compares it with his ideal of the genius of humanity as embod-

ied in the best literature of the world, to whatever country or age that literature may belong. Criticism, as conceived by M. Nisard, confronts each work of literature with a threefold ideal—that of the nation, that of the language, that of humanity: “elle note ce qui s'en rapproche; voilà le bon: ce qui s'en éloigne; voilà le mauvais.” The aim of such criticism, according to M. Nisard's own definition, is “to regulate our intellectual pleasures, to free literature from the tyranny of the notion that *there is no disputing about tastes*, to constitute an exact science, intent rather on guiding than gratifying the mind.”

Surely a noble aim—to free us from the tyranny of intellectual anarchy. We all tacitly acknowledge that there is a hierarchy of intellectual pleasures, and it is M. Nisard's purpose to call upon these individual preferences and aversions to come forward and justify themselves or stand condemned in the light of human reason. The historian of French literature has somewhere contrasted two remarkable figures of the Renaissance and Reformation—Montaigne and Calvin; Montaigne, a representative of the spirit of curiosity then abroad, and, notwithstanding his sceptical tendency, a lover of the truth; Calvin, a representative of theological system and rigor, a wielder of the logic of the abstract idea. We may describe Sainte-Beuve as a nineteenth-century descendant of Montaigne, with the accumulated erudition and the heightened sensibility of this latter time. M. Nisard carries into the province of literature something of Calvin's spirit of system, and we can hardly help admiring the fine intolerance of his orthodoxy as he condemns some heretic who disbelieves or doubts the authority of the great classical age of French letters. He would have criticism proceed rather by exclusions than by admissions, and has no patience with the “facile and accommodating admissions of eclecticism;” he sees a sign of decadence in the ambition peculiar to our time which pretends to reunite in French literary art all the excellences and all the liberties of foreign literatures.\* It is easy to indulge a diluted sympathy with everything; it is harder, but better, to distinguish the evil from the good, and to stand an armed champion of reason, order, beauty.

The genius of France, according to M. Nisard, is more inclined to discipline than

to liberty; it regards the former—discipline—as the more fruitful in admirable results. An eminent writer in France is “the organ of all, rather than a privileged person who has thoughts belonging to himself alone, which he imposes on his fellows by an extraordinary right.” And hence, French literature, avoiding, when at its best, all individual caprice, all license of sensibility or imagination, is, as it were, the living realization of the government of the human faculties by reason. It is not so with the literature of the North; there the equilibrium of the faculties is disturbed, there liberty often prevails over discipline, there reverie or subtlety often usurps the place of reason. It is not so with the literatures of the South; there passion often prevails over reason, and the language of metaphor takes the place of the language of intelligence. But human reason did not come to maturity in France until the great age of classical literature, the age of Molière and Racine and La Fontaine, of Bossuet and Pascal, of La Bruyère and La Rochefoucauld. Then first in French literature humanity became completely conscious of itself, then, first, man was conceived as man in all the plenitude of his powers, then, first, human nature was adequately represented and rendered in literary art. And since that great age, if we strike the balance of gains and losses we shall find perhaps that the gains are exceeded by the losses. In the eighteenth century, which claimed to be the age of reason, the *sæculum rationalisticum*, the authority of reason in fact declined, and the spirit of Utopia, the chimerical spirit, exemplified by Rousseau, obtained the mastery. As to our own century, the magisterial words of condemnation uttered by M. Nisard half a century ago have perhaps gained in significance since the day on which his “Latin Poets of the Decadence” appeared. We have, as he says, analyses infinitely subtle of certain moral situations; delicate investigations of the states, often morbid states, of individual souls; but where is the great art that deals with man as man in those larger powers and passions which vary little from generation to generation? The difficulties of our social problems, the mass of talents for which, in our old world, scope can hardly be found, the consequent restlessness of spirit, the lack of religious discipline, the malady of doubt, the political passions of the time, a boundless freedom of desires, ambitions, sensations, and almost no proportion between power and desire, a re-

\* Hist. de la Littérature Française, i. 13.

finement of intelligence which multiplies our wants — these were enumerated long since by M. Nisard as causes unfavorable to the growth of a great nineteenth-century literature; and though the word *pessimism* was not in fashion in 1834, the anxious physician of his age foresaw the modern malady.

No wonder that such a critic was not popular with young and ardent spirits in the first fervors of the romantic movement. But M. Nisard's work, as I have said, remains, and partly by virtue of the fact that he maintained the great tradition of French letters. In the literature of the age of Louis XIV., where M. Taine sees only or chiefly the literature of a court and courtiers, he saw the genius of humanity embodied and expressed by the special genius of the French nation. His view was determined by a deeper and a truer insight than that of M. Taine or of the romantic critics of an earlier date. The revolt of the romantic school itself testifies to the strength in France of the classical tradition, and no critic of French literature can be a sure guide who does not recognize the force and value of that tradition. We, who have had no one age supremely great, who have had the double tradition of the age of Queen Elizabeth and the age of Queen Anne, this embodying the truths of discipline and that the truths of liberty, can find in our literary history no one stream of tendency "strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full," at all corresponding to that derived in French literary history from the age of Louis XIV. We may feel sure that however the fashions of literature may change, the best mind of France must always, from time to time, make a return upon the wonderful group of writers, poets, thinkers, orators, epigrammatists, of the seventeenth century, and find in them undying masters of thought, of art, of literary style. And this is what the idealist school of critics, represented by M. Nisard, have rightly understood, and what the historical school, represented by M. Taine, has failed to perceive. At the present moment we may rejoice to see so eminent a critic as M. Brunetière taking vigorous part in the much-needed return upon the masters of the great tradition. He comes to them in no servile spirit to pay blind homage. Without accepting the ingenious paradox that every classic was in his own day a romantic, he perceives that these revered masters were in fact innovators, and encountered no little opposition from their contemporaries; they en-

larged the bounds of art; and one who now dares to enlarge the bounds and break the barriers may be in the truest sense the disciple of Racine and of Molière. He perceives that the immortal part of such a writer as Racine is not his reproduction of the tone and manners of the court. If Assuérus, in "Esther," speaks in the mode of Louis XIV., or Bérénice has a likeness to Marie de Mancini, this, as M. Brunetière says, is precisely what is feeble in Racine, this is the part of his work which has felt the effects of time, the part which is dead. The enduring part of his work is that which, if French of the seventeenth century, is something more than French, the part which is human, and which in 1889 has precisely the same value that it had in the fortunate days when his masterpieces appeared for the first time on the stage.\*

M. Brunetière, from whose review of a study of Racine by M. Deschanel I have cited some words, is, like Nisard, a critic who values principles, who himself possesses a literary doctrine, and who certainly does not squander his gift of admiration in various and facile sympathies. He has been described † as a less amiable, less elegant, less delicate Nisard; and it is true that he has not Nisard's fineness of touch nor his concinnity of style; but M. Brunetière suffers less than Nisard from the rigor of system, and he is far more than Nisard in sympathy with contemporary ideas. He is a combative thinker, with a logic supported by solid erudition and reinforced by a resolute temper which does not shrink from the severities of controversy. Yet to a certain extent M. Brunetière has been a conciliator, attempting, as he has done, to distinguish what is true and fruitful in that movement of the present day which has claimed the title of "naturalism," and to ally this with the truths of that other art discredited or extolled under the name of "idealistic." He recognizes the power of environing circumstances, the *milieu*, in forming the characters of men and determining their action; but, as becomes one who does honor to the great art of the seventeenth century, the art of Corneille and Racine, he recognizes also that (to use Sainte-Beuve's hesitating phrase) there is in man that which they call freedom of will: "Man hath all which nature hath, but more," wrote Matthew Arnold in a memorable sonnet, in which perhaps he

\* F. Brunetière, *Histoire et Littérature*, ii. 9.

† By Jules Lemaitre, *Les Contemporains*, i.

had that far more admirable poem of Goethe, "Das Göttliche," in his mind:—

Man, and man only,  
Achieves the impossible,  
He can distinguish,  
Elect and direct.

In an article on M. Paul Bourget's remarkable novel "Le Disciple," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of July 1st, M. Brunetière, in the interest of art and of sound criticism no less than in the interest of morality and social life, sets himself to oppose what he terms the great error of the last hundred years, the sophism which reduces man to a part of nature. In art, in science, in morals, argues M. Brunetière, man is human in proportion as he separates himself from nature.

It is *natural* [he writes] that the law of the stronger and the more skilful should prevail in the animal world; but this, precisely, is not *human*. . . . To live in the present, as if it had no existence, as if it were merely the continuation of the past and the preparation for the future—this is *human*, and there is nothing less *natural*. By justice and by pity to compensate for the inequalities which nature, imperfectly subdued, still allows to subsist among men—this is *human*, and there is nothing less *natural*. Far from loosening, to draw closer the ties of marriage and the family, without which society can no more progress than life can organize itself without a cell—this is *human*, and there is nothing less *natural*. Without attempting to destroy the passions, to teach them moderation, and, if need be, to place them under restraint—this is *human*, and there is nothing less *natural*. And finally, on the ruins of the base and superstitious worship of force, to establish, if we can, the sovereignty of justice—this is *human*, and this, above all, is an effort which is not *natural*.

I have quoted this passage from M. Brunetière because, as we are all aware, there is a school of literary criticism, brought into existence by the same tendencies of the present time which have given birth to what M. Zola somewhat absurdly names "the experimental novel," a school of criticism, led by an eminent French thinker, which reduces to a minimum the independence and originating force of the artist, and is pleased to exhibit him in a group with his contemporaries as the natural and inevitable product of ancestry and ambient circumstances. Since the publication of M. Taine's "History of English Literature" some twenty-five years ago, all students of literature and art have been more or less under the spell of that triple charm—the race, the *milieu*, and the moment, and every critic

has found it needful to get the magic formula by heart. A new dogmatism, which in the name of science holds all dogma in scorn, has set forth its *credo*; and the spirit of system, that passion for intellectual ordonnance characteristic of the French mind, has once again manifested itself in a powerful manner. M. Taine's great work is one which at first overmasters the reader with its clear and broad design, its comprehensive logic, its scientific claims, its multitude of facts arranged under their proper rubrics; it seems for a little while to put a new organon for the study of literature into our hands; and the rest of our time, I fear, is spent in making ever larger and larger reservation. The truth is, as Scherer noticed, that professing to proceed by the way of induction, M. Taine is constantly deductive in his method. "He begins by giving us a formula, and then draws from that formula the consequences and conclusions which, as he believes, are included in it." The works of this writer or of that are studied not for their own sakes, but in order that they may furnish proofs of the thesis of the scientific critic. "His crowd of descriptions, his accumulation of details"—I quote the words, eminently just, of Scherer—"his piled-up phrases are so many arguments urged upon the reader. We perceive the dialectic even under the imagery. I never read M. Taine without thinking of those gigantic steam hammers, which strike with noisy and redoubled blows, which make a thousand sparks fly, and under whose incessant shock the steel is beaten out and shaped. Everything here gives us the idea of power, the sense of force; but we have to add that one is stunned by so much noise, and that, after all, a style which has the solidity and the brilliancy of metal has also sometimes its hardness and heaviness."

Two debts we certainly owe to M. Taine, and we acknowledge them with gratitude: first, he has helped us to feel the close kinship between the literature of each epoch and the various other manifestations of the mind of the time; and secondly, he has helped to moderate the passion for pronouncing judgments of good and evil founded on the narrow æsthetics of the taste of our own day. We have all learnt from M. Taine the art of bringing significant facts from the details of social manners, government, laws, fashions of speech, even fashions of dress, into comparison with contemporaneous facts of literature. He has made it easier for us to ascertain, at least in its larger



features, what is called the spirit of an age. And this is much. But there are two things which as they express themselves in literature he has failed to enable us to comprehend: the individual genius of an artist, that unique power of seeing, feeling, imagining, what he and he alone possesses; and again, the universal mind of humanity, that which is not bounded by an epoch nor contained by a race, but which lives alike in the pillars of the Parthenon and in the vault of the Gothic cathedral, which equally inspires the noblest scenes of Sophocles and of Shakespeare, which makes beautiful the tale of Achilles' wrath and that of the fall of the Scottish Douglas. Of what is local and temporary in art M. Taine speaks with extraordinary energy. Of what is abiding and universal he has less to say. Each author whom he studies is presented to us as the creature of the circumstances of his time, or at the highest as a representative of his tribe and people. The critic does not possess that delicate tact which would enable him to discover the individuality of each writer; it suits his thesis rather to view the individual as one member of a group. Nor does he possess that higher philosophical power which would enable him to see in each great work of art the laws of the universal mind of man.

M. Taine has served us also, I have said, by moderating our zeal for a narrow kind of judicial criticism, which pronounces a work of art to be good or bad as it approaches or departs from some standard set up by the taste or fashion of our own day. He started indeed from a false position—that criticism was to attempt no more than to note the characteristics of the various works of literature and art, and to look for their causes. It was, he said, to be a sort of botany applied not to plants, but to the works of men. Botany does not pronounce the rose superior to the lily, nor should criticism attempt to establish a hierarchy in art; enough, if it records characteristics and ascertains their causes. But it will be remembered that M. Taine quickly abandoned his false position. In his lectures on "The Ideal in Art" he showed himself as ready to absolve or condemn as any disciple of the old æsthetic, and as I remember putting it in a review of M. Taine's volume which appeared soon after its publication, he said in unmistakable language, "Despise pre-Raphaelite art, it is ascetic;" "Despise the English school

of painting, it is literary;" "Admire above all else Renaissance art; it shows you what painting ought to show, straight limbs, well-developed muscles, and a healthy skin."

M. Taine, in fact, did not cease to be a judicial critic; but he endeavored to base his judgments on principles of a different kind from those accepted by the older school of judicial critics. He endeavored to find what we may call an objective standard of literary and artistic merit, one which should be independent of the variations of individual caprice and current habits of thought and feeling. A great work of art, he tells us, is one in which the artist first recognizes, in the object he would represent, the predominance of its central characteristic—the flesh-eating lust, for example, of the greater carnivora; and secondly, by a convergence of effects heightens in his representation the visible or felt predominance of that characteristic, so that with a great animal painter the lion becomes indeed—as a zoologist has described the creature—a jaw mounted on four feet. So also, in representing man, the artist or author who exhibits the predominance of the master powers of our manhood ranks higher than he does who merely records a passing fashion, or even than he who interprets the mind of a single generation. A book which possesses an universal and immortal life, like the "Psalms," the "Iliad," the "Imitation," the plays of Shakespeare, attains this deserved pre-eminence by virtue of its ideal representation of what is central and predominant in man. Thus M. Taine, no less than M. Nisard, attempts to establish a hierarchy of intellectual pleasures, and he has perhaps this advantage over M. Nisard that he does not identify the human reason with the genius of the French people, nor this again with its manifestation in the literature of the age of Louis XIV. If he does not reap the gains, he does not suffer from the narrowing influence of the French tradition of which we are sometimes sensible in M. Nisard, he does not yield to that noble pride or prejudice which once drew from Sainte-Beuve the impatient exclamation: "Toujours l'esprit français et sa glorification!"

M. Brunetière, in a thoughtful article on the "Literary Movement of the Nineteenth Century," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of October 15th, has justly distinguished M. Taine as the critic who has expressed most powerfully the tendencies of that movement which has carried literature

forward into new ways since the romantic movement has ceased to be a living force. The romantic movement was essentially lyrical in spirit; it subordinated everything to personal sentiment, personal passion, often to personal fantasy and caprice; it cared little for the life of the world at large; it consisted of an endless series of confessions in prose or rhyme uttered by great souls and by little; it perished because the limited matter of these confessions was speedily exhausted, and the study of outward things and of social life was found to be inexhaustibly rich in fruit. Hence the justification of that movement of our own day which has assumed the title of naturalism or realism, of which the error or misfortune has been that it has studied too exclusively and too persistently the baser side of life. M. Taine's critical writings have tended to reduce the importance of the individual, have operated together with the scientific tendencies of our time in antagonism to the lyrical, personal character of the romantic school; they belong essentially to the same movement of mind which has found other expression in the plays of Dumas, the poems, severely impersonal, of Leconte de Lisle, the novels of Flaubert, and the works of the modern school of historians which stand in marked contrast with the lyrical narratives of Michelet and our English Carlyle. A play of Shakespeare's, a group of Victor Hugo's odes or elegies, is for M. Taine not so much the work of its individual author as the creation of the race, the *milieu*, and the moment — a document in the history and the psychology of a people. We perceive, as M. Brunetière has justly said, the close relation between his principles of criticism and the doctrine of the impersonality of art, a doctrine drawn out to its extreme logical consequences in some of the recently published letters of Flaubert.

Scientific criticism, however, in the hands of its latest exponent comes to restore to the individual leaders of literature some of their alienated rights. M. Hennequin, while expressing his high esteem for Taine, as the writer who has done more than any other of our generation to advance the study of literature, was himself ambitious to remodel the method of Taine, to amend it in various respects, to widen its scope, and to set forth the revised method as a *Novum Organum* for the investigation of literature. He does not deny the influence of heredity, which Taine asserts so strongly,

but the race, considered as the source of moral and intellectual characteristics, seems to him to be little better than a metaphysical figment. There is no pure, homogeneous race in existence, or at least none exists which has become a nation, none which has founded a civilized state, and produced a literature and art. Nor is it true, as M. Taine assumes, that the intellectual characteristics of a people persist unchanged from generation to generation. The action of heredity on individual character is in the highest degree variable and obscure; we may admit it as an hypothesis, but it is an unworkable hypothesis, which in the historical study of literature can only confuse, embarrass, and mislead our inquiry. In like manner, as to the *milieu*, the social environment, we may admit that its influence is real and even important; but can that influence, in which there is nothing fixed and constant, be made a subject of science? It is in the power of the artist to shield or withdraw himself from the influence of his environment, and to create a little *milieu* in harmony with his peculiar genius; or he may prove himself refractory and react against the social *milieu*. How else shall we account for the diversity, the antagonism of talents existing in one and the same historical period. Did not Aristophanes and Euripides? Hume and Whitfield? Shelley and Scott? William Blake and David Wilkie? Mr. Herbert Spencer and Cardinal Newman? In truth, the influence of environment constantly diminishes as an art or a literature advances to maturity. Man has acquired modes of adapting circumstances to himself, and so of economizing the force of his individuality; in a highly civilized community every type of mind can find the local habitation and the social group which correspond with its peculiar wants and wishes. Nor indeed is the principle of life and growth altogether that of adaptation to surrounding circumstances; life is also "a resistance and a segregation, or rather a defensive adaptation, antagonistic to the action of external forces," and as the years advance the system of defence becomes more ingenious, more complicated, and more successful. Each of the great influences, the effects of which M. Taine attempts to ascertain, doubtless exists and is operative, but the action of each is occult and variable. If M. Taine's results have an appearance of precision, this

arises from the art with which he manipulates his facts and disposes his arguments.

Such in substance is the criticism of the younger thinker on the method of his master. He recognizes no fixed relation between an author and his race or his environment. On the other hand, such a fixed relation can certainly be discovered between an author or artist and the group of his disciples or admirers. He is a centre of force drawing towards him those who spiritually resemble himself. Thus a great author, instead of being the creature of circumstances, in fact creates a moral environment, a world of thoughts and feelings, for all those who are attracted, and as we may say enveloped, by his genius. The history of literature is the history of the successive states of thought and feeling proceeding from eminent minds and obtaining the mastery, often in the face of much contemporary opposition, over inferior minds of a like type. With much pomp of scientific terms — some of them possibly seeming more scientific because they are barbarous from a literary point of view — M. Hennequin brings us round to the obvious truth that a powerful writer, if he is in part formed by his age, reacts on his contemporaries and impresses his individuality upon them.

The central fact with respect to the contemporary movement remains, the fact dwelt on with much force by M. Brunetière, that literature has turned away from the lyrical, the personal, or, as they call it, the subjective, to an ardent study of the external world and the life of man in society. The lyrical, the personal, has doubtless a subordinate place in literary criticism, but the chief work of criticism is that of ascertaining, classifying, and interpreting the facts of literature. We may anticipate that criticism in the immediate future if less touched with emotion will be better informed and less wilful than it has been in the past. If it should be founded on exact knowledge, illuminated by just views, and inspired by the temper of equity we shall have some gains to set over against our losses. The subordination of self to the faithful setting forth of the entire truth of one's subject will be some compensation for the absence of the passion, the raptures, the despairs, the didactic enthusiasm of one great English critic; some compensation even for the quickening half-views and high-spirited, delightful wilfulness of another.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

From The Contemporary Review.  
THE OLD MISSIONARY.

A NARRATIVE.

BY SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER, K.C.S.I.

IV. (continued.)

INDEED, I had at that time a trouble of my own, which might have inclined me to seek counsel rather than to tender it. Scarcely eight weeks had passed since I returned to the judge's house, after the Easter riot at the silk factory. During the last three of them a cloud had come over my relations with Ayliffe. It is not needful, after this lapse of time, to go into the details, much less to apportion the blame. I suspect, on looking back, that we were both right, and both too keen. Having been made a judge *malgré lui*, Ayliffe set himself not the less strictly and conscientiously to discharge the duties of his office. The subordinate native magistrates in the district found an exactitude enforced from them in their judicial work to which they had been unaccustomed. Some of them were men of the dignified old type, and their small knowledge of English made it difficult for them to master the hard-and-fast chapters of the new Penal and Procedure Codes. Their sentences were reversed right and left on appeal to the judge, owing to irregularities in the proceedings, and notorious offenders got off.

My difficulties, as the officer responsible for keeping down crime in the district, were increased by the circumstance that the Bengal police had also been reorganized by law on an entirely fresh basis. Both the officers and the men were new to their work, and they found their efforts checkmated by technicalities of procedure which they very imperfectly understood. Two fraternities of gang-robbers, whom we had tracked down with much difficulty, escaped on their trial before Ayliffe as sessions judge. A sense of discouragement began to pervade the whole executive of the district. The native magistrates came to me with their grievances; the English superintendent of police less discreetly lamented his wrongs to a friend at the seat of the government. Even Ayton, the assistant magistrate, who had the codes at his own finger ends, felt it his duty to urge on me the detriment which was being done to the peace and order of the district. "It is very well," he said, "for the legislature to launch forth new codes. But unless it can give new men to administer them, or until the old native magistrates have time to master them, a

judge defeats the purposes of justice by treating irregularities of procedure as fatal flaws in a case."

Living as Ayliffe and I were on the most intimate terms under the same roof, it was scarcely possible that we should avoid this subject. I pressed for the allowances which might fairly be granted to our half-instructed subordinates during a transition stage. He alleged the express provisions of the law. His sweetness of nature made anything like a quarrel impossible. But underneath his considerate courtesy of speech lay an immovable firmness of purpose. We both felt it growing dangerous to approach the subject which we knew was on each other's mind. A sense of separation arose. We kept more to our respective wings of the building during the day, and our chairs were no longer carried up to the roof for the old pleasant talks after dinner. I hurried on the work-people at my own house, and as soon as a few rooms could be made weather-proof I moved over.

One result of the change was that I more frequently found a spare half hour to look in on the old missionary. I thought it right to tell him that we had overheard what took place between him and the young Brahman. The venerable man, on learning that I was become aware of his hidden trouble, freely opened his heart. But he altogether refused to share in my perhaps too freely expressed indignation at the deacon's ingratitude.

"You cannot call ingratitude," he said, "a line of action that proceeds from a sense of duty. This affliction has fallen not less heavily on the youth than on myself. I trust in God that he will find a way for both of us through the trial. Meanwhile I have been marvellously renewed for the work laid upon me. The older and simpler among the people cleave to me; and I feel a strength not my own for the whole religious services of the week."

It became clear, however, as the hot weather dragged on its remorseless length, that the old man was overtaxing both mind and body. He had strange fits of lassitude, from which sometimes the only thing that roused him was the tinkle of the belfry calling him and his faithful few to prayer. The other business of the mission seemed to lose interest for him, while this single duty grew into an absorbing anxiety. A great unacknowledged fear took possession of him lest he should find himself one day unable for the work. The pupil-teacher, who read the Psalms and

other parts of the Bengali service which the blind pastor did not repeat from memory, complained to the missionary's little daughter of unwonted omissions and transposals in the Liturgy, which sometimes made it difficult for him to know when his own parts came in. The small, anxious face grew paler day by day, and occasionally one fancied that one caught something like a sob in her voice. With the pathetic half-perceptions of childhood, she felt the presence of a trouble which she could not alleviate, and a growing sense of calamity around her which she could not understand. For the first time, too, she seemed to divine the solitude of her poor little life. All she could do was to suffer in fear and silence. Even the small distractions of her lonely existence were one by one curtailed. Her father was now usually too wearied before evening to rouse himself for the slight exertion of a drive. I learned too, by an accident, that the child had given up bringing her lessons to him in the morning. She seems to have spent the long, stifling hours of the day in wistfully waiting on his slightest wishes; always watching, watching, with a child's keen sense of a great, undefined sorrow in the house.

It was in vain that we remonstrated with the venerable pastor against his persisting in duties which were evidently beyond his powers. "As my day is so shall my strength be," was all we could get from him in reply. Indeed it became clear that if he had not taken on himself the whole religious services of the mission the revivalists would have left him without any adherents whatever. They had formed a temporary congregation under the eloquent ministrations of the young deacon. The Brahman appeared, however, to hold back rather than lead the more fervid spirits. I afterwards heard that he rebuked from the pulpit certain of the catechists, who wished to widen the separation and make it permanent by applying for a new English missionary to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in Calcutta. All this, and probably much more, must have been known to our old friend, and explains his intense anxiety to maintain the services, and so tide the mission over its great trial. The chapel bell at morning and evening seemed to have grown dear to him as the sole remaining symbol of peace.

One forenoon, just before the courts closed for the rest of the flaming day, I received a note from the doctor asking me to look in at the mission-house on my

way home. He himself met me in the veranda, and whispered that the painful complaint from which the missionary suffered the previous year at the end of the rains had broken out again. He did not, however, think the attack more serious than the last one, although the hot weather was against him. On entering I found the library turned into a sick-room. The bed on which the patient lay, a common country *charpoy* strung with coarse fibre, had been brought in from his sleeping chamber, and placed in the middle of the floor under the punka. For the first time since his blindness all the double doors and windows were shut up, and it took some moments before my vision accustomed itself to the darkness. The grand old face was flushed and red in its setting of white hair, the lips muttered in high fever, and the eyes from time to time moved with a restless brightness which made it difficult to believe that they did not see. One hand tugged ceaselessly at the sheet, the other was clasped by his little daughter, who sat on her low cane stool by the bedside. She had noiselessly arranged the familiar accessories of a sick-room on a small round table within her reach; the phials, and sponge, and cool porous earthen pitcher of water. Every few minutes she gently removed the hot cloth from her father's forehead, and replaced a newly wetted one on his brow. The pallid, wearied look that had pained us during the past weeks had gone out of her small face, and she watched every movement of the sufferer with a solemn and silent earnestness which was entirely unconscious of her own anxieties and deep trouble.

"He must have been struggling with illness for some time," said the doctor, when half an hour afterwards we went back into the veranda. "I suspect, too, that he got touched by the sun this morning as he walked across to the chapel, and so brought matters to a crisis. About seven o'clock a man came running to me in the hospital, crying that the *Padri Sahib* was in a fit. It appears that on kneeling down, after giving the benediction at the close of the service, he remained motionless for some time, and then fell forward on the pavement. I found him there unconscious, with his daughter holding up his head in her arms. The fever, I hope, is chiefly the result of the sun, and should pass off. But his former malady has been doing mischief again. The poor old man must have been in great pain for several days without telling any one. I

shall camp here for the afternoon, and as soon as my servant brings over my breakfast I hope to persuade the little girl to eat something, and get her off to bed for a couple of hours. It will be time enough to relieve me for my evening round at five o'clock, and you can arrange with the others for the night."

The division of duties was easily made. Ayliffe took the evening watch, and meanwhile at once sent off a servant to Calcutta to fetch up a block of Wenham ice in a new double stable blanket. For, although the railway had brought the capital within eight hours of us by train and relays of horses, ice was still only an occasional luxury in our small station, and local ice-making machines were then scarcely used in India. The assistant magistrate and district superintendent of police shared the night between them, and I came on at daybreak. The distant jail-gong was striking five in the still morning air, with the first dim pink just tinging the eastern sky, as I walked across to the old missionary's cottage. But I found the little girl already dressed and sitting on her cane stool watching the sleeper. Ayton told me that she had heard the runners come in with the ice an hour earlier, and at once presented herself to see it chopped up, and fold it in the handkerchief on her father's forehead. The old man quickly felt the relief, and after a restless night sank into a profound slumber. The doctor called shortly after six, and, without disturbing the sleeper, gave a good account of his condition. The improvement was maintained during the day, and we hoped that the attack was a mere touch of the sun, which would run its course and leave the patient little the worse for it.

But in a day or two the doctor told us that the former complaint had reasserted itself in a dangerous form, and that a small operation would be needful. Before the week was out we were compelled to accept the fact that our old friend was struggling for his life against prostration, and pain, and an exhausting fever which he did not shake off. His servant, a hard-working, devout old Musalman, who represented in that modest household the joint train of Hindu and Muhammadan domestics in ordinary Anglo-Indian establishments, never quitted the door of the sick-room except to prepare his master's food in the kitchen, or to pray with his face towards Mecca five times in the twenty-four hours. Day and night he was ready at the slightest call; always calm, always helpful, always in spotless white



garments, and apparently needing no sleep, save what he could snatch sitting on his heels, with a rocking movement, in the veranda.

The poor little girl broke down on the day after the operation, chiefly, I think, owing to the moans which the sufferer unconsciously uttered while in his fever. She was taken over to Ayliffe's house. But she pined there so silently and pitiously, that the doctor brought her back to her father, on condition that she should only attend on him during the later part of the day, when he was at his brightest. He usually rallied in the afternoons and talked quite cheerfully of the future. All the heavy anxiety about the work of the mission, which had pressed on him with a morbid consuming apprehension just before his illness, seemed to have disappeared. Nor from first to last, except during the semi-delirium of the recurring fever, did he utter a single complaint, or allow himself to give one outward symptom of pain. It was only from the doctor that we learned how much he suffered. He would not allow any of us to move him in his bed, lest the mere change of position should extort a groan. And, indeed, his old servant had an almost feminine tenderness of touch, and a slow gentleness of hand, that made us feel him to be a better nurse than any of us.

The little girl also rallied, now that she was restored to her father. The old man and the child spent the hours of each afternoon together, scarcely speaking, but quite happy as long as they felt the clasp of one another's hand. Only towards sunset, at the hour when the chapel bell had formerly rung for evening prayer, he became restless and watchful. Sometimes he would half raise his head in a listening attitude, and then, having waited in vain for the beloved familiar sound in the now silent belfry, the white hair would sink back on the pillow, while a look of pained perplexity settled on his face. During the night, when the fever was on him, he would ask again and again, in a weary tone, "Why did I not hear the bell, why do they not ring the bell?"

Meanwhile the news had reached the jungle country that the old missionary lay sick. Groups of short, thick-built hillmen began to encamp silently on the outskirts of his orchard. When it became known that his life was in danger their wives also arrived. In the early morning we saw them silently drawing water from the fish-pond; all through the burning day they sat smoking and waiting under the trees;

the dying embers of their cooking fires glowed with a dull red throughout the night. The doctor had wished to send them away, so as to keep the sick-house as clear as possible of human beings. But the old missionary pleaded for them, and, indeed, the space was large enough if they would only keep quiet. It was marvellous to see that gathering of hillmen, accustomed to the incessant chatter of their forest hamlets, stealing noiselessly about, or sitting in silent circles.

One afternoon the headmen of the Christian clans were allowed to come into the veranda, but the sight of their blind and prostrate leader, and the presence of unknown Europeans (the doctor and myself), seemed to take away their powers of speech. The old missionary talked kindly, but feebly, to them, while they stood shy and restrained, almost without a word. The interview threatened to end in awkward silence, when an aged grey-haired hillwoman, the mother of one of the prisoners whose release the missionary had obtained, forced her way through the men, and, throwing herself on her knees at the bottom of the bed, kissed the old man's feet with sobs and exclamations. Next week the hillmen and people from the outlying hamlets flocked into the station in such numbers that they had to be removed from the mission enclosure. The judge gave them leave to camp at the lower end of his park, where there was a large tank; and only the elders were allowed to come and sit in silence under the missionary's trees. The old Musalman servant went out to them five times a day, at his appointed prayer-times, to report how his master fared.

I had not met the Brahman deacon since the rupture between him and the old missionary; but I heard that Ayton, the assistant magistrate, had spoken to him in such unsparing terms as prevented him from coming near the mission-house. Their interview was a painful one. The young Brahman, confident that he was acting under divine guidance, yet very unhappy about the human results of his action, had sought counsel of Ayton, as the only Englishman who had previously come much in contact with him, or shown him kindness. Ayton, nerved by the harsh justice of youth, listened in silence until the deacon reached the point in regard to which the schism had actually taken place—the Athanasian Creed. Then he coldly observed:—

"You are an educated man, and a university graduate. Before you quarrelled

with your benefactor on such a question, you would have done well to consult your Gibbon."

"I came to you, sir," replied the Brahman, "seeking counsel, and willing to bear reproof; and you refer me to a scoffer."

"On a man who can act as you have acted," Ayton sternly answered, "counsel would be thrown away, and I have no authority to administer reproof. Nor am I aware that Gibbon, in his account of Athanasius, errs in anything unless on the side of a too enthusiastic admiration. But, although I have neither counsel nor reproof for you, I may plainly tell you that your conduct seems to me the basest ingratitude."

"I have but followed my lights."

"Followed your lights! Split up a community, and brought sorrow on your benefactor in his blindness and old age, for the sake of a creed which bears, as every one knows, a fictitious name; and whose damnatory intolerance, of the darkest period of the Middle Ages, is passed over in silence by most of the Christian sects, and by your own Church in America, and I believe in Ireland as well. How can you look around you at the good lives and patient endurance of millions of your countrymen, and dare to assert they will perish everlastingly? You say you have come to me for advice; but what advice can avail you as long as you are in mutiny against the man to whom, by every tie of personal gratitude and constituted authority, you owe obedience?"

When the old missionary was taken ill, I heard that the deacon used to steal into the kitchen (an outhouse at a little distance from the cottage) after dark, and tremulously question the old Musalman servant about his master. In his deep dejection the youth even went to Ayton's pandit, a fine old Brahman of the strictly orthodox school; but with whom the convert now felt a new bond from their common anxiety about their stricken friend. Each morning the pandit, arrayed in delicate white muslin, came to make his salaam at the door of the venerable scholar, and sometimes he was allowed a short talk with our patient in the afternoon. He kept the deacon informed of what was going on inside the cottage, with the calm urbanity which was due to his own sacred character as a pandit of high caste, but without any pretence of sympathy for the convert. One evening the unfortunate young man was tempted in his desolation to try to get within the barrier of politeness which the courteous native scholar

habitually interposed. He poured forth the successive episodes of the inward struggle which made up the story of his short life; a struggle which had cut him off from all he held dearest in boyhood, and which now separated him from the sorely stricken master whom he revered and loved.

"Tell me, pandit," he concluded, "you who have lived long, and who seem to have attained to so perfect a peace, what is my duty? How shall I find rest?"

"Poor youth," replied the pandit, with calm compassion, "what rest can there be for one who was born a Brahman and has fallen away from Brahmanhood? During thousands of years your fathers in each generation have sought after divine knowledge, and the same burden was laid upon you by your birth. In your boyish impatience you listened to teachers who thought they could give you the truth, which you are compelled by your own nature to search out as long as you live for yourself."

"But, sir, you forget that the truth which they gave me was given not of themselves, but was revealed by God."

"A revealed religion," continued the Brahman impassively, "is a short cut to a false sense of certainty in regard to divine things. It is useful for the lower castes, whose lives of toil do not leave them leisure for severe and continuous thought. Therefore our fathers provided incarnations for the common people, and so summed up and shadowed forth in visible forms the various conceptions which they themselves worked out regarding God. But they never set fetters on religious thought by confining it within the limits of any single or final revelation, well knowing that, from the first, man has made God in his own image, and continues to thus remake him in each succeeding age. A mind compelled by its nature to go on inquiring throughout life after truth, yet shut up within the prison-walls of an ancient and final revelation, can neither dwell in peace with its fellow-captives nor find peace for itself. In such a religion a Brahman, if he is to obtain rest, must stifle his Brahman's nature by eating beef, and drinking beer, and absorbing himself, as the European gentlemen do, in worldly anxieties and successes."

"Sir," interposed the deacon reverently, "my peace of mind in the future I leave to God; but what is my present duty?"

"You have been born a Brahman, and, although fallen, you cannot divest yourself

of your birth. Your duty is not to disgrace it. Your new religion allows you, a young man, to set up your immature ideas of divine things against the ripe knowledge of your teacher, and leads you to desert him in his blindness and old age. In such a religion I can find for you no rule of conduct. But as a Brahman you are bound by the first rule of your Brahmanhood to obey your spiritual guide. You have chosen your spiritual guide for yourself. Submit yourself to him."

Meanwhile the rains were due in our district in ten days, and if our old friend could only last till the great climatic change, the doctor gave us good hopes of him. A second operation, of a painful although not serious nature, had been found necessary; but the perfect peace of mind of the patient helped him through the crisis. He passed the long, hot hours with his hand clasped in his little daughter's, very placid, and apparently without any burden of outward care, except when the silence of the chapel bell at sunset awakened some painful memory. The good Jesuit had journeyed into the station to visit his sick friend, and stayed to take his share of the nursing. Indeed, what between this kindly priest, and the old Musalman servant, and the little daughter, our turn for attendance now came only every second night, and the strain on the few Europeans in the station passed off. The stream of life flowed feebly in our old friend, yet without perceptible abatement. Each morning, too, the telegrams in the Calcutta newspaper announced stage by stage the approach of the rains, with their majestic cloud-procession northwards across India, bringing nearer by so many hundred miles a day the promise of relief.

The Jesuit father had his quarters in my half-repaired house, and late one Saturday night, as he was pacing up and down the veranda in meditation, I heard a voice address him in a low, appealing tone. It was the unhappy deacon, tempest-tossed with internal conflicts and agonies, who had come to him in the darkness.

"Reverend sir," he said, in short, agitated sentences, "take pity on me. I am in great misery. My conscience tells me I am acting right, but my heart accuses me of acting wrong. Oh, help me to the truth! There is no one else to whom I can go. Those with whom I am joined feel no doubts. They reproach me with mine. I come to you, as a priest, to tell me what to do."

"My son," replied the Jesuit father, "you cannot come to me as a priest. For you have halted half-way between the darkness of heathendom and the light of the Church. But although you cannot come to me as priest, you may come to me as a friend. And as a friend I earnestly counsel you to seek forgiveness for the wrong you have done."

"But how can I go against my conscience, and sacrifice to my human affection the appointed order of my Church?"

"Your conscience," rejoined the Seminarist, "is in this case only a name for your private judgment. You and your aged teacher have equally applied your private judgments to what you call the appointed order of your Church. The question is whether you will submit your private judgment to his, or set up your private judgment above his. He is your master and your benefactor. Again I say, seek his forgiveness for the wrong you have done."

No words followed, and the deacon disappeared into the darkness out of which he had emerged. Years afterwards, he told me that he wandered in desolation throughout that night, finding himself unconsciously circling round and round the mission enclosure. The thought took possession of his mind that each of the very different counsellors to whom he had gone had enjoined on him the same course. Obey your superior officer the assistant magistrate had practically said. Submit yourself to your spiritual guide, repeated the Brahman sage. Ask forgiveness, commanded the Jesuit priest. His pride broke down under the self-questionings of the slow, solemn hours of darkness and solitude. But his duty to those who looked to him as their leader and guide filled his mind with an obscurity deeper than that of the night. Only as the sun rose was his resolution taken. Worn out, haggard, and his clothes dripping with the dew, he went round to each of the catechists and their chief followers, and summoned them to the room which they used as a place of worship. It was Sunday morning, and they came expecting some new revival excitement. After an earnest prayer he made a public confession before them. He told them in a few humble and touching words that he felt he had wronged his master. Without judging others, he declared his own resolve to seek forgiveness of the old missionary. Then, commending himself to their prayers, he left the room amid a dead silence.

The old missionary got his best sleep

in the cool of the morning, and on that Sunday he awakened rather later than usual. He had finished his small invalid's breakfast, and was listening to his little daughter reading a chapter of St. John's Gospel, when a familiar voice, not heard in that house for many days, asked through the heavy venetians, "May I come in, sir?" In another minute the young deacon was kneeling by his bedside sobbing out his repentance, and covering the wasted silky hands with tears and kisses. "My son, my dear, dear son," was all that the old man could say.

For some hours he remained in an ecstatic state of joy and peace, until, wearied out by excess of happiness, he sank in the afternoon into a profound slumber. Before he awoke it was evening, and the chapel bell, after weeks of silence, was giving out its gentle sound on the other side of the fish-pond. During some moments a smile played over the face of the sleeper. Then, completely awakening, he raised his head on his arm, and listened with a look of beatified repose. The Brahman deacon, who was still by his bedside, kissed his worn hand, and rose to go to the chapel. "My father," he said, "once more give me your forgiveness and blessing." The old man stretched out both hands on the youth's head, offered up an almost inaudible thanksgiving, and added, "Let them sing 'Forever with the Lord.'"

It was one of his favorite hymns, and he had translated it with rare felicity both into the Bengali and the hill language. The highland people thronged into the chapel from their camping ground at the lower end of the judge's park. The catechists and their followers were also there. The schism was at an end. The congregation, perhaps for the first time in the history of the mission, overflowed the chapel, and filled the whole space between its door and the lotus-covered pond. The deacon's voice, as he read the service, came clear and soft, in the silent Sabbath evening, across the small piece of water. When they raised the hymn, the old missionary listened for a second almost in awe at the unwonted volume of sound, and clasped tighter his little girl's hand. Each cadence rolled slowly forth from the mixed multitude of lowlanders and hillmen, to that exquisite air in which pathos mingles so tenderly with triumph. As they came to the beautiful lines, "Yet nightly pitch my moving tent a day's march nearer home," the old man suddenly sat up erect, and ejaculated, "Lord, now lettest Thou

thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word. For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." Then, folding his little daughter, who was sitting on the edge of the bed, in his long, thin arms, he whispered, "My darling, my darling!" and pressed her close to his breast. There was silence for a minute. Presently the little girl gave a frightened cry. The old missionary was dead.

Next evening we buried him. Amid the ceaseless changes of Anglo-Indian life there is one spot — only one — that is always quiet. Let a man revisit even a large Bengal station after a few years, and which of the familiar faces remain? He finds new civilians in the courts, a new uniform on the parade ground, strange voices at the mess-table, new assistants in the indigo factories. The ladies who bowed languidly from their carriages are bowing languidly elsewhere; as for the groups of children who played round the band-stand, one or two tiny graves are all that is left of them in the station. The Englishman in India has no home, and he leaves no memory. In a little station like ours the graveyard was very solitary. Of the sleepers beneath the tombs not one had a friend among the living. Some of them had fallen with sword in hand, some had been cut off in the first flush of youthful promise, some had died full of years and honor. One fate awaited all. No spring flowers were ever left on their forgotten graves, no tear was ever dropped, no prayer ever breathed, beside their resting-place. At the beginning of each cold season the magistrate entered the walled enclosure with the public works officer to see what repairs were needful; at the end of the cold weather he inspected it again, to see that the repairs had been carried out. During the rest of the year the dead lay alone, through the scorching blaze of summer and under the drenching deluge of the rains, alone, unvisited, forgotten.

Yet the solitary place in our small station had a beauty of its own. In its centre rose an aged tamarind-tree, which spread out its great arms and clouds of feathery foliage wide enough to overshadow all the graves. The oldest sleeper in that sequestered spot was a little girl. A judge of the last century lost his only daughter, and, in the absence of any consecrated plot of ground, buried her under the tamarind at the foot of his garden. On its lowest arm the father had put a swing for his child. The branch yet faintly showed the swollen rings where the ropes cut into

the once tender bark. Beneath might be read the inscription on her tomb: "Ara-bella Brooke, obiit 6 November, 1797."

Soon another father had to lay his child under the shade of the tamarind-tree; and the spot was decently walled off from the rest of the garden. Less than seventy years added about forty English tomb-stones; but the graves of little children still lay thickest. More than one young mother sleeps there with her baby on her breast. A tomb, without name or date, to a lieutenant killed while leading his detachment against the hillmen, had been set up by hasty comrades, who passed on before it was ready for the inscription. Beneath another lies a youthful civilian, who had come out to India, and reached his first station only to die. They lay so close to us, those lonely dead people, and yet were so far away! As we chatted evening after evening in our long chairs on the top of the Mount, after our swim in the judge's lake, we could have thrown a pebble among the tombs. Yet, except for my two brief official inspections to see to the repairs, none of us had ever set foot within those high walls. One feature of the place spoke plaintively of the sense of exile and longing for home; all the graves looked wistfully towards the west.

Never had the little enclosure witnessed such a gathering as that which conveyed the old missionary to his resting-place. The wild grief of the hill people, and the wailing with which the lowland women rent the preceding night, had settled down into a sense of loss too deep for utterance. The bereaved Israel followed their father and leader in silence, broken only by an occasional low sobbing, to his grave. The repentant deacon and catechists and the headmen of the hill Christians carried the coffin. Ayliffe and I, with the little girl between us, came next. By a short will, written a few weeks before, with the last rays of his fading eyesight, her father had appointed us joint guardians of his child. The three other English officials and Father Jerome followed; then the great stricken multitude. Nor were the mourners only those of his own people. The news had spread with Indian swiftness into the hills, and the non-Christian tribesmen hurried in under their chiefs, forty miles without a pause for food or water, to do honor to their white father and friend. The last time that the clans marched into the district

they had come with weapons in their hands and a line of blazing hamlets on their track. Crowds of Muhammadans of all ranks, from the senior native magistrate and the maulas of the mosque to the shopkeepers from the closed bazaar, lined the wayside and salaamed as the coffin passed. Further off a group of Hindus and pandits of high caste stood apart, in respectful silence. As we reached the gate of the enclosure, Father Jerome withdrew from the procession and knelt down by himself outside the wall.

The little girl stood, weeping noiselessly, between Ayliffe and myself beside the open grave. One small hand trembled in mine, the other clasped Ayliffe's left, while in his right hand he held the Prayer-book from which he read the burial service. As the final words of consolation melted into silence, and the jungle-villagers began to fill up the grave, the deacon raised in Bengali the hymn which had been so suddenly broken off the previous evening by the summons of death. Again the air of blended tenderness and triumph soared aloft from the multitude of hill people and men of the plains — its refrain now sounding as a song of assured victory — "Forever with the Lord." When they ended, Ayliffe said to me softly, "Come home to me again. The differences between us are over, for I leave immediately to take our little ward to England. He would have wished her to be with us both, during her remaining days here." The last act of the old missionary had been an act of forgiveness and blessing; the first influence of his memory was an influence of reconciliation and peace.

At a sign from Ayliffe the crowd quietly dispersed, leaving us three for a few minutes beside the newly filled grave. When at length we turned slowly away, the sun was sinking behind the distant ranges, with two isolated, flat-topped hills in front standing out like guardian fortresses on the plain. It was the sunset land of brief splendor, towards which the little girl had so often strained her eyes from the wooded height in the judge's garden, when she wished for the shepherds' perspective glass through which Pilgrim looked from the Delectable Mountains. She now gazed through her tears on the far-off glory for a moment in silence, and then whispered, "At last, at last I see the gates of the Celestial City."



From The National Review.

## POETRY BY MEN OF THE WORLD.\*

DISSIMILAR, pointedly dissimilar, in style, in tone, in thought, these two volumes have one common feature, one likeness in difference, which makes it possible, without incongruity, to put them side by side. In an age fertile of poets, who are understood to devote themselves with single-hearted passion to the work of strictly meditating a muse thankless or thankful, here are two gifts of song from men of the world, the one a man of action and affairs, the other — what would Mr. Wilfrid Blunt himself elect to be called? A political enthusiast, a zealot in the cause of human weal? It is a rule that may admit of exceptions, but it is certainly a rule, that the very greatest poets have seldom been those most exclusively absorbed in the pursuit of poetry. In the work of some poets of very high rank indeed there is a good deal of a certain amateurishness — Byron is an instance. He seems to turn away with impatience and petulance from the drudgery of his craft, and whether the result is chiefly loss or gain it would not be easy to say.

Among metrical writers, Pope is the immortal type of an author who is all author, sleeplessly on the *qui vive* for epigram, antithesis, trope; holding life to be important mainly as material for couplets; and the irony of results is curiously shown in the fact that he, the one poet whose days and nights were a perpetual vigil on Parnassus, is also the writer whose claims to be considered a poet at all are still the subject of controversy. To be sure, Pope was himself a man of the world, but we feel that to him the world was not interesting primarily for its own sake; it was eminently worth knowing, because it offered such a rich field for the satirist. This unwearied patience as a hunter, ever on the lookout for literary quarry, made him the unapproached master of a particular art, but it also determined the rank of that art as secondary. Great writer as he is, he seems something less than a poet, because we cannot get rid of the feeling that he is something less than a man. Probably most of us have come in personal contact with at least one possessor of the Pope temperament — some utter devotee of literary fame, who, as a human being, grew quite parched and desiccated by a process of sedulously extracting all natural sap to convert it into

literature. A living poet of some repute, whose life has been in this way exclusively dedicated to the making of verse, told a friend of the writer that he could not like a man who was indifferent to his poetry! Men of the world, on the other hand, who not only know the world like men but who find it well worth knowing, apart altogether from its convenience as literary subject-matter — men of this class, when they do write poetry, write it with a directness of tone, a freedom from affectation and attitudinizing, and a certain careless grace which gives to their verse an air of happy fortuity. It is this merit which establishes a certain fellowship between two poets in most respects so very unlike each other as Sir Alfred Lyall and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt.

Amongst our subject millions in the East, Sir Alfred Lyall has not made a point of cultivating in his own person that majestic vice of mental insulation which has earned for Englishmen the character they enjoy of being unsympathetic and spiritually non-conducting in their relations with foreign and especially with dependent races. Whilst remaining a thorough Englishman he has, nevertheless, felt intensely the fascination, curiously shot through with repulsion, which the mysterious Eastern nature exercises over all impressionable Western minds. This strange people who call us master, with their subtle, sinuous intellects, their half-developed moral sense, their profound mysticism, underlying the barbarous rites and grotesque forms of a monstrous mythology, have been very real to him. The spectacle of their immemorial nationalities jostled by our hard, shrewd, bustling civilization — modified by it, yet never coalescing with it — has been to him inexhaustibly interesting. In a remarkable poem called "Meditations of a Hindu Prince," he pictures for us the brooding Oriental nature, touched by the questioning spirit of the West.

All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I  
never have trod,  
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs  
and steps of a God?  
Westward across the ocean, and northward  
across the snow,  
Do they all stand gazing, as ever; and what  
do the wisest know?  
Here, in this mystical India, the deities hover  
and swarm  
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or  
the gusts of a gathering storm.  
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on  
the rocks are seen,  
Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and  
what may the wonders mean?"

\* Verses Written in India. By Sir Alfred Lyall. (Kegan Paul.) A New Pilgrimage and Other Poems. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. (Kegan Paul.)

The attitude of a mind cradled in polytheistic faith, but feeling profoundly the seeming injustice of the human lot, the unintelligibility of life, the apparent anarchy of things, is powerfully depicted:—

For the Destiny drives us together, like deer  
in a pass of the hills,  
Above is the sky, and around us the sound of  
the shot that kills;  
Pushed by a power we see not, and struck by  
a hand unknown,  
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press  
our lips to a stone.

The trees with their phantasmal arms  
"wave a shadowy answer," and to the all-  
miscreative eye of superstition "the form  
and the nod of the demon are caught in  
the twilight dim," but still the eternal  
problems remain unsolved, and the prayers  
of the nameless millions seem only to beat  
against the iron ear of an irresponsible  
heaven. He is haunted and oppressed by  
that past which surrounds him with dim  
forms and dread symbols.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the fruit  
of an ancient name,  
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and  
women who died in flame.  
They are gods, these kings of the foretime,  
they are spirits who guard our race;  
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a  
marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the  
legion of muttering priests,  
The revels and rites unholy, the dark unspeak-  
able feasts!  
What have they wrung from the Silence?  
Hath even a whisper come  
Of the secret, Whence and Whither? Alas!  
for the gods are dumb.

Shall he seek knowledge from the English?  
This mastering race who subdue the visi-  
ble world, have they laid victorious hands  
on the invisible also? No; their religion,  
even as his own,

Is nought but the wide-world story how the  
earth and the heavens began,  
How the gods are glad and angry, and a Deity  
once was man.

What, then, is this world whose mean-  
ing forever tantalizes and baffles him? Is  
it but a many-hued phantasmagory, and

Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a  
tent that is gathered and gone?

The darkness vouchsafes no answer, and  
this sombrely fascinating poem begins and  
ends, as is befitting, with the note of mel-  
ancholy inconclusiveness which is its artis-  
tic reason of being.

Is there nought in the heaven above, whence  
the hail and the levin are hurled,  
But the wind that is swept around us by the  
rush of the rolling world?  
The wind that shall scatter my ashes and bear  
me to silence and sleep  
With the dirge, and the sounds of lamenting,  
and voices of women who weep.

Some injustice would be done to Sir  
Alfred Lyall as a poet if an impression  
were conveyed that his volume is entirely  
permeated by this gloomy tone of thought;  
such is not the case, but the general effect  
produced is undoubtedly sombre. It is  
his distinction, in an age prolific of pleas-  
ant versifiers, who skim the surface of life  
and recoil with a shiver from any sugges-  
tion of its obscure depths, that he has  
really felt and faced the darker facts of  
existence, that he has not spent his time  
singing comfortable hymns of optimistic  
praise to Vishnu, but has dared to peer  
into the terrible eyes of Siva the malign,  
and tell us what he saw there. At times,  
however, he is even not without a hover-  
ing gleam of humor, humor of the semi-  
tragic sort, whose essence is a perception  
of the immense incongruities of circum-  
stance, the sharp contrasts and pointed  
antitheses of life. Humor is scarcely the  
word for it either; but howsoever the  
quality itself may be defined, it is illus-  
trated in such verses as the following, en-  
titled "Badminton," from "Studies at  
Delhi, 1876."

Hardly a shot from the gate we stormed,  
Under the Moree battlement's shade,  
Close to the glacia, our game was formed;  
There had the fight been, and there we  
played.

Lightly the demoiselles tittered and leapt,  
Merrily capered the players all;  
North, was the garden where Nicholson slept,  
South, was the sweep of a battered wall.

Near me a Musalman, civil and mild,  
Watched as the shuttlecocks rose and fell;  
And he said, as he counted his beads and  
smiled,  
"God smite their souls to the depths of  
hell."

A certain rather grim strength is more  
frequent in Sir Alfred Lyall's verse than  
softness or charm, but at times he is not  
without tenderness—witness the beauti-  
ful stanzas called "After the Skirmish:  
Rohilcund, 1858," where he tells how they  
found a dead comrade lying "'mid the  
broken grass of a trampled glade," deep  
in an Indian forest, and how

With the funeral march still echoing round,  
We had spread the mould o'er his tartan  
gory;  
But as we turned from the shapeless mound,  
Sweet rose the music of "Annie Laurie,"

Full and clear from the pacing band,  
Passionate strain of a lovelorn story;  
How can they breathe it in strangers' land,  
Air of our northern "Annie Laurie"?

For he whom we leave in the lonely brake,  
Watched by the Himalay mountains hoary,  
Will not his brain from the death-sleep wake,  
Touched by the magic of "Annie Laurie"?

To the fact that Sir Alfred Lyall has little sympathy with selfish and cynical officialism disguised as patriotism, his administration of the North-West Provinces bore practical testimony; but in the poem called "Rajpoot Rebels," his superiority to the mere British garrison point of view finds even more emphatic expression than some readers would be prepared to expect. The vigor with which it gives utterance to native patriotic sentiment is, at all events, a fine instance of dramatic flexibility. A certain intensity of emotional force is common to all the poems springing directly or indirectly out of the events of the terrible year 1857-58. To those surviving Anglo-Indians who actually "bore the blast" of that "tremendous time," these poems will have more than a literary interest. With others, to whom the story of the great Mutiny is but a story, fast becoming as a tale of "old, unhappy, far-off things," the purely literary interest of these poems will still be considerable. By far the finest of the group is "Retrospection"—a poem whose title has not the merit of indicating its nature or range, being a story of romantic love and death, told in brief, passionate strokes, and in picturesque, rapid verse; verse full of action, and nerve, and fire. It is too organic as a whole to be represented with any adequacy by extracts; and, indeed, I have already made about as free with the contents of this volume as courtesy permits, yielding to a temptation which does not arise too often in these days, when skilful mechanism and a process of intelligent manufacture are usually the highest things one calculates upon finding in newly published poetry. Nor will space allow of more than passing reference to poems of later date, bringing us to the Russo-Afghan question, and the political atmosphere of the scientific frontier and the sacred covenant. "The Amir's Soliloquy" gives a powerful picture of the splendid solitude and uneaseful

greatness of a prince like Abdur-rahman, throned in a capital where the smouldering fires of treason are ever ready to flame afresh, and in a palace where each chamber remembers some turbulent kinsman quieted by dagger or diamond-dust. In the poems dealing with subjects borrowed from the ancient world, Sir Alfred does not seem to me equally successful; and if he were confessedly a poet of the poet-or-nothing species, a critic might reasonably expostulate with him concerning some of his sins as a rhymester; such lapses from austere virtue as "worker—Noverca," "siren—tiring," "odors—pagodas," etc.; and one might also venture to ask why his preference for dactylic and anapaestic measures, admirably as he uses them, has been allowed to have its way to the almost utter banishment of the iambic, thus producing a rather regrettable lack of metrical variety. But Sir Alfred Lyall has not scorned delights and lived laborious days for no other end than the making of verses, and may claim as his due some relaxation of rigid technical tests. He is not a "professional" lyrist; it is his better distinction to be one of that race of effective Englishmen who made good poets in spite of the fact that their main business in the world was to be good soldiers or administrators or diplomatists—who found it possible to reconcile the life of action with the life of imagination, and add a grace to both.

To Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, both as poet and politician (in which latter capacity, however, it is no part of the object of this article to discuss him), the powers that fashion us have

given  
So much of earth, so much of heaven,  
And such impetuous blood,

that in virtue alike of his excellences and his defects, he may be said to have the specific temperament of genius. In this temperament some mundane alloy, some "mortal mixture of earth's mould," is very necessary; and, indeed, without it, we should have something quite too mercurial and volatile. Shelley, with whom Mr. Blunt betrays some affinities, had certainly too little of it; Mr. Blunt himself has not too much, but he has just enough to give us the needed assurance that Prospero with his worldly-experience is at hand to direct and utilize the powers of an else too wayward Ariel. Of course, the possession of the distinctive poetic temperament does not of itself necessarily imply great poetic genius. If that temperament consists in an exquisite openness to all impressions

of beauty and mystery and terror in the physical and moral world, such a poet as Sydney Dobell may be said to have had it in perfection, and he had high gifts of expression too; yet he was not a great poet. On the other hand, most of us would hesitate to say that Dryden had that temperament in any marked degree, yet as a poet he ranks among our greatest. How much of his strength does he owe to the equipoise in him of the pure artist and the pure worldling—a conspiracy of opposites, a marriage of alien forces? These considerations may not appear immediately germane to Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's poetry, for the accomplished author of "The Love-Sonnets of Proteus" is not precisely a pure artist, and assuredly not a pure worldling; for the one, he has too much enthusiasm, for the other, too little restraint. But he has led the dual existence—the life empirical, the life ideal; and this twofold personality gives to his verse a breadth and range which mark it off sharply and unmistakably from the work of the mere professional verse-makers, the writers who seem poets by choice and men by accident.

Mr. Blunt, in a short preface, maintains the view that English critics, abetted by the poets, are imposing far too restrictive conditions as to form and rhyme-arrangement upon the writers of sonnets. Certainly a good deal has to be sacrificed to the exigencies of the pure Petrarchan form, and Mr. Blunt considers that more is lost than gained by adherence to that difficult orthodox model. After all, however, it is a matter which must be left largely for individual preference to decide. If a poet of his own free will chooses to ride Pegasus handicapped, why not? A good deal may be said on both sides. For instance, few persons will deny that if Shakespeare had restricted himself to the Italian form, with its octave based upon two rhymes, and its sestet on two or three, foregoing the couplet-ending—of which the convenience lies in its giving sometimes a rather illusory air of completeness to a thought imperfectly worked out—anything like the wonderful series which we know would never have been written. On the other hand, if Milton and Wordsworth had wedded themselves to the Shakespearian form—the sequence of three quatrains and a couplet—is it conceivable that anything so weighty, so massive and monumental as their greatest sonnets could have been cast in that lax and facile mould? Mr. Blunt, however, would seem to have grown dissatisfied

with both forms, and has constructed a sixteen-line stanza, which he asks us to acquiesce in as a sonnet. With less questionable elasticity of phrase, he gives the title of sonnet to the fourteen-line stanza which serves as the metrical vehicle of "A New Pilgrimage." In some degree this poem follows the lead of "Childe Harold," avoiding the one feature which, while it gives that poem its scenic splendor, also makes it a little tedious to modern readers, namely, the rather showman-like air with which Byron unrolls before us his diorama of history. Weary and dispirited—a prey to the mood in which man delights us not, nor woman either—the new pilgrim goes forth to flee, if he can, the persecuting presence of himself.

I will break through my bondage. Let me  
be  
Homeless once more, a wanderer on the  
earth,  
Marked with my soul's sole care for company.

"I ask nothing," he cries in his dejection,

But to forget the story of my birth,  
And go forth naked of all name, but free.

He bids adieu to that England whose  
*role* amongst the nations he can no longer  
applaud.

At the Folkestone pier  
I left the burden of my sins behind,  
Noting how gay the noon was, and how clear  
The tide's fresh laughter rising to no wind.

He catches something of the contagious  
good spirits of his fellow-passengers on  
board the steam-packet, —

Where all alike, peers, pedlars, squires, and  
dames,  
Forswore their griefs fog-born of Father  
Thames.

His "glorious goal" is Paris — Paris, the  
lovely, irresistible, voluptuous queen, the  
Cleopatra of cities, of whom he tells us  
frankly that he

loves her well,  
With her broad roads and pleasant paths to  
hell.

His apostrophe to the splendid courtesan  
has certainly the note and accent of high  
poetry.

To-day there is no cloud upon thy face,  
Paris, fair city of romance and doom!  
Thy memories do not grieve thee, and no trace  
Lives of their tears for us who after come.  
All is forgotten — thy high martyrdom,  
Thy rage, thy vows, thy vaultings, thy dis-  
grace,

With those who died for thee to beat of drum,  
And those who lived to see thee kingdomless.

He regards her follies tenderly, and sees some redeeming nobleness in her maddest caprices.

For thus it is. You flout at kings to-day.  
To-morrow in your pride you shall stoop low  
To a new tyrant who shall come your way,  
And serve him meekly with mock serious brow,  
While the world laughs. I shall not laugh at you.

Your Bourbon, Bonaparte, or Boulanger,  
Are foils to your own part of "ingenue"  
Which moves me most, the moral of your play.

You have a mission in the world, to teach  
All pride its level. Poet, prince, and clown,  
Each in your amorous arms has sealed the breach

Of his own pleasure and the world's renown.  
Till with a yawn you turn, and from your bed  
Kick out your hero with his ass's head.

Though he sees her given over in part to low ideals, he has faith in her immense potentialities of self-regeneration.

The France which has been, and shall be again,

Is the most serious, and perhaps the best,  
Of all the nations which have power with men.

She alone among nations is untouched by hypocrisy; but "let her put off her folly," let her "forego her Tonquins," let her

make good  
Her boast to man of man's high brotherhood.

And then follows a superb passage of denunciation, Hebraic in its wrathful fire; but the reader must go to Mr. Blunt's volume to find it in its entirety.

For lo! the nations, the imperial nations  
Of Europe, all imagine a vain thing,  
Sitting thus blindly in their generations,  
Serving an idol for their God and King.  
Blindly they rage together, worshipping  
Their lusts of cunning, and their lusts of gold;  
Trampling the hearts of all too weak to bring  
Alms to their Baal, which is bought and sold.

He would fain have France complete her revolutionary century by another revolution. He bids her

arise and warn,  
Not folded in thy mantle, a blind seer,  
But naked in thy anger, and new-born,  
As in the hour when thy voice sounded clear  
To the world's slaves, and tyrants quaked for fear.

He counsels her to "leave to England her sad creed of gold," and "plead man's rights, clean-handed, as of old." Whatever may be thought of all this on the score of practical political wisdom, the disinterested lover of poetry cannot but hear in it the ring of very splendid and strenuous verse.

But even Paris, even this Cleopatra's "infinite variety," cannot long hold her restless Antony enchained, and presently he is in Switzerland, Rousseau's chosen shelter, and hence "the birthplace of all sentiment, the fount of modern tears." Even here, however, his melancholy pursues him, and nature herself seems to have lost her old power either to stimulate or to assuage.

The mountains which we loved have grown unkind,

Nay, voiceless rather. Neither sound nor speech

Is heard amongst them, nor the thought enshrined

Of any deity man's tears may reach.

The Alps only oppress him with their austere sublimity, their indifference to his personal joy or grief. He pines for some more humanized grandeur, and soon his unrest drives him to Rome, where the superincumbent past, if also oppressive, is at least human. And here his poem breaks off unfinished, like its great prototype, with tantalizing abruptness.

From the passionate and stormy notes of "A New Pilgrimage" to the lightness and buoyancy of "The Idler's Calendar" is a sharp transition. This group of twelve little pieces, commemorating some salient experience in each month of the year, is as pleasant as it is unpretentious. In May he still loves London, and turns no cynical eye upon its shows and gaieties.

I love the "greetings in the market-place,"

The jargon of the clubs. I love to view  
The "gilded youth," who at the window pass,  
Forever smiling smiles forever new.

In July, at Goodwood, where he takes care "neither to make nor mar a fortune," he is equally in the humor to be pleased on easy terms. Such lines as

I would not for a million not have seen

Fred Archer finish upon Guinevere,

may not be poetry exactly, but there is a happy-heartedness about these bagatelles which makes them welcome. "Worth Forest: a Pastoral," has some charming landscape and s'ill-life pictures, and one moving human episode; but the luxury of quotation must not be further indulged. In "Sed nos qui vivimus," the poem with which the volume concludes, Mr. Blunt's attempt to reconcile the English ear to assonances in lieu of rhymes does not seem to me to give much promise of attaining its end. It is no use pitting oneself against the order of nature, and the order of nature has decreed that we En-



lish, we kinsmen of Chaucer and Milton, shall love verse with rhyme, and shall love verse that is frankly without rhyme, but shall hold no parley with the bastard thing that is a compromise between these two. Theoretically it may be defensible, but theory breaks down before the simple fact that we enjoy rhyme, and that no philosophy will persuade us to enjoy assonance. The Spanish have been born and bred to assonance, but then the Chinese have been born and bred to birds'-nest soup. In woman's dress, I believe, even sharp contrasts of color are preferred to a "bad match," and assonance is a bad match. Besides, rhyme does really seem to have a basis in some law of nature, by which "nothing in the world is single," but all things are better paired. It is the law of balance and correlation and symmetry. Mr. Blunt himself tells us that he is not sanguine as to the success of his experiment, and, indeed, it is an experiment self-doomed to failure; but, then, is it not characteristic of a certain strain of noble Quixotism in Mr. Blunt's nature that he has a passion in literature as in public affairs for leading forlorn hopes?

WILLIAM WATSON.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

#### DISHONESTY.

"I BEG to tender my heartfelt thanks to Mr. Rudzky, tradesman of this city, for having restored me my watch, which I inadvertently left on the counter in his shop a few days ago. When I offered him money as a token of my gratitude, M. Rudzky refused to accept it, saying that he had only done his duty. This is an example worthy of imitation!—Signed, Madam Karasteleva."\* This pithy pæan, curiously characteristic of the country, was published in one of the principal papers of one of the principal cities of Russia about a year ago, and must have made M. Rudzky feel as if his originality bordered on suicidal mania or some equally dangerous form of eccentricity. Neither such spontaneous testimonials, however, nor the absence thereof, are needed to prove that Russia can boast of numbers of obscure but upright men whose sterling

honesty will bear comparison with that of the noblest characters described in history or besung in fable. It would be indeed sad were it otherwise. No society, however rude, is wholly destitute of these pioneers or survivors of a higher stage of social life, without which it could no more exist than falsehood lacking a grain of truth to leaven it. What this outburst of gratitude really implied, and what few foreigners who possess no special knowledge of the country would willingly take for granted, even on the word of the most trusted ethnologist, is the great paucity of such moral giants as Rudzky. It is estimated that there are in Russia about thirteen millions of Dissenters all told, considerable numbers of whom belong to rationalistic sects such as the *Molokani*, the *Stundists*, and others—chaste, veracious, honest Puritans, whose theology is pure morality, and whose dealings with all men are regulated by the principles of the strictest justice. But the sectarians scarcely amount to the eighth of the entire population, and the rationalistic sects are but a fraction of the sectarians. The great bulk of the Russian nation not only does not associate dishonesty with criminality, sinfulness, or ethical deformity, but holds it to be rather a meritorious employment of heaven-sent gifts which it would be sinful to let rust for want of exercise. At the root of all the dealings of the people among themselves, and of all the commercial relations of the nation with foreigners, like the serpent gnawing at the root of the tree Yggdrasil, lies ineffable contempt of the practice of common honesty, which is held equivalent to hiding in the earth those talents of worldly wisdom which it should be man's first object to increase, reaping where he sowed not, and gathering where he has not strewed. And it is upon this view that they shape the conduct of their lives with all the persistency of which a feeble-minded, fickle, nerveless people are capable.

It would be a mistake to call this degeneration. It is merely stagnation, arrested development; for the Russia of to-day, when stripped of the outward hull, which is varnished and modern, will be found to differ in no essential respects from the Russia of the Middle Ages. The German Hanseatic cities, which strictly forbade their merchants to give Russians goods on credit, to lend them money\* under any pretences, or even to borrow of them, under

\* The first sentence is quoted from memory; the others are taken from the *Novoye Vremya* of the 30th August, 1839. The paragraph appeared in the *New Russian Telegraph* (Odessa) about the 25th of that month.

\* Liev. Ehst. und Kurländisches Urkundenbuch nebst Registern; Reval, 1852-1864. II., 576, 583.

pain of speedy punishment,\* are now mere memories of the past. Reval, which was equally careful about guarding itself from the consequences of Russian dishonesty, has lived to become a flourishing city of the Russian empire. But the characteristic traits of the people are still what they were; and the frequent complaints of the Germans and Belgians of the fourteenth century, that Russian traders put lying brands and false trade-marks on their goods; that light weight went hand-in-hand with bad quality, heavy bricks being freely added to consignments of adulterated wax; † that sham furs were so common that foreigners ceased to buy any furs, good or bad, wherever Russians traded; that enormous sums had to be distributed in bribes to the Russian authorities before the Germans could get these evils diminished to a point at which trading was possible; these and countless other complaints of long-forgotten times would, if published without mention of persons or dates, pass with the student of contemporary Russian history for cuttings from the newspapers or extracts from consular reports of to-day. Russian merchants are no longer permitted, as in the seventeenth century, to pawn their kith and kin, their wives and children, whom they were supposed to love and live for; but they still cheerfully sacrifice whatever they are allowed to pledge: good name, friendship, honor, with the same frequency with which their great grandfathers used to let their wives and children be sold, prostituted, enslaved for debts that they could have easily discharged; ‡ and if the average merchant of the present day were to set about following the advice of the Roman poet, to wrap himself up in the mantle of his own integrity, it would prove no better protection from the cold blasts of a wintry world than the Italian beggar's coat, which was described as being made mostly of fresh air. On the other hand, the Russian merchant may be said to be living almost as well up to his lights as his colleague the German or the Englishman; it is not his fault if these lights are just sufficient to intensify the gloom about him. He has been brought up to deceit

and trickery from his childhood; he has sucked it in with his mother's milk, he has inherited it from generations of dishonest ancestors, it is the lesson daily, hourly taught him by his government and his Church; and if in the teeth of all this he were to stand out in strong contrast to his fellows, an honest, straightforward, veracious man, we should be safe to regard him as a genius, a monster, or a sectarian.

But merchants and traders, though they have more frequent opportunity for its cultivation than others, have no monopoly of dishonesty. It is universal, Pan-Russian. According to a popular writer who had a life-long experience of his countrymen, studying them from various coigns of vantage, as bureaucrat, governor, author, journalist, and suspect, "roguey is one of the forms of social life,"\* and it is Hobson's choice; he who is not hammer is anvil. "If you manage the estate of another," complains this same writer, "and forbear to take advantage, to the detriment of him who trusts you, of what is called your 'opportunity' to enrich yourself, it is hard to be told that you are green—ah, yes! very green."† You are made to feel in such cases that you have been guilty of a social sin, of something not far removed from treason in thus swimming against the current, and every man's hand is straightway raised against you for refusing to raise yours against any man. It is difficult under such conditions for a Russian who has outwitted a friend that implicitly trusted him not to feel as flushed and as happy as the self-respecting Fijian of a few years ago after swallowing the last morsel of a savory enemy. One of the truest patriots Russia ever possessed and one of the most acute observers of the age has given us a series of masterly life-like sketches, illustrative of what is meant by saying that roguey is one of the common forms of social life, from which I subjoin one or two.

"On the perron of a solitary house (in a country town) unprotected even by a yard, two men were sitting dressed in morning attire, smoking cigarettes and chatting together before retiring for the night. 'Well, you know that Kharin lost that suit of his?' one of them said. 'You don't mean it!' 'Oh yes, no doubt about that. He's a fool and so he lost it.' 'How so?' 'Doesn't everybody know that the deceased lost the use of his hand before his death. Why, the whole town is well

\* *Urkundliche Geschichte des Ursprunges d. deutschen Hanse*; Hamburg, 1830. II., N. ix., p. 27. It would be wrong to imagine that the Russians did not complain on their side of occasional dishonesty on the part of foreign merchants. It is nowhere recorded, however, that they found it so frequent or so ruinous as to justify them in "boycotting" Germans or Belgians.

† Cf. for ex. *Lievland, Urkunde*, VI.; *Aristoff, Russian Industry in Ancient Times*, p. 213 (Russian).

‡ *Collection of State Documents*, III. N. 60.

\* *Schtschedrin, Well-Meant Discourses*, p. 29 (Russian).

† *Ibid.*

aware that Margaret Ivanovna forged the will the day after his death. Ay, and that the archpriest wrote it, too! Oh yes! no doubt at all, she forged the will; the archpriest himself, when half-seas over, blurs it out often enough. But for all that Margaret Ivanovna is now the owner of a cool million, while Kharin has to shoulder a beggar's knapsack. And all because he's such a fool! 'No mistake, he is a fool, but still' — . . . 'Oh! he's a fool, and that's the long and short of it. Margaret Ivanovna offered to compromise the matter: "Take twenty thousand," she said, "and joy be with you." Why didn't he accept, since he knows that he's a fool? Then he had another chance; the father archpriest and Ivan Therapontitch also made him offers: "Give us ten thousand apiece," they said, "and we'll make a clean breast of it in court as witnesses; we'll speak according to our consciences; we'll say we signed the will from lack of circumspection, and there'll be an end to it." Why didn't he close with that, since he knows he's a fool? Margaret Ivanovna, she didn't wait to be asked twice, I warrant. She accepted fast enough. She whipped out the money and handed it over in a twinkling. But he was as obstinate as a mule. And if they had asked him for the hard cash, there would be some excuse for him, but no — all they wanted was an I.O.U. Why couldn't he have given it and then later on think better of it and lead them a pretty dance for the money? He might say that he had not signed it, or that it was not given for value received. The unmitigated fool."\*

Macaulay once said of Italians that so perverted was their moral sense of right and wrong in the matter of cunning and deceit, that if Othello were represented before an Italian audience, the entire sympathy of the public would be with Iago, while his dupe would come in at most for their contemptuous pity. This is emphatically true of Russians, though, strange as it may seem, far from engendering universal distrust, it co-exists with a degree of credulity that borders on the miraculous. The following is another of these typical conversations preserved by Schtschedrin, which throws more light on the social and moral conceptions of modern Russians than volumes of statistics: —

"Nay, but do listen to the way he fooled the German. He bought twelve hundred roubles' worth of timber from him, had it brought home, and then told

the German to call on him for the money. He came, was made much of, treated to refreshments, champagne and all the rest. "Now," he says, turning to the German, "you write your receipt, while I'm getting the money ready," and with this he began to count the notes. The receipt being drawn up in a moment, he took it, glanced at it, found it in order — a legal receipt for twelve hundred roubles — and then clapped it and the money into his pocket. "You have acknowledged here, Bogdan Bogdanovitch," he said, "that you have received the money in full. I don't see that you have anything further to wait for." Ha! ha! ha! That, brother, was a stroke of business. Oh, how we did laugh! I thought my sides would split. But listen to what's coming. At first the German looked as if he did not grasp what was the matter, and then when it suddenly dawned upon him, he cried out, "You are a thief!" "All right," was the answer he got, "you Germans invented, they say, the ape, but here am I, a Russian, bringing in one moment all your contrivances to naught." Bravo! No, but you should have seen the German's phiz, frightened and incredulous, his hands feeling his pockets the while — wasn't it rich? Germans are still green-horns in such matters; they're fools and nothing else."\*

These pictures are not overdrawn, they do not even do full justice to the subject. Take up any daily paper or monthly review, or printed book with the stamp of contemporariness upon it, and you will be struck by the close resemblance between the life therein described and the scenes depicted by Schtschedrin. Open any of the monthly magazines, and read their realistic descriptions of the ethical conceptions and practical maxims of the average Russian, and you will ask yourself in wonder whether it is a question of wild anarchical tribes in central Africa or the backwoods of Brazil, or of a people ruled by a government alive even to its own paltry interests. The *Northern Messenger*, which I take up almost at random, describes, for example, in detail, how a whole company of peasants in Manuilovka split their sides (or, as they themselves picturesquely put it, tore their intestines) with genuine, hearty laughter at the recital of how a hay merchant cheated a poor woman, selling her the same load of rotten hay three different times.†

\* Well-Meant Discourses, p. 31.

\* Well-Meant Discourses, p. 34.

† *Northern Messenger*, N. 7, 1888, p. 54.

The relations of capital and labor, which are rapidly developing into the relations of governors and governed, are hopelessly vitiated by duplicity, breach of faith, downright roguery, with which no amount of Draconian legislation can successfully grapple. A few years ago laws were made empowering landowners and farmers to hire laborers for several years' service, and enacting a long list of severe penalties for breach of contract. In practice these laws have proved as efficacious as a gossamer veil spread out to stay the fury of the hurricane.

Every autumn and winter the newspapers are filled with descriptions of the harrowing scenes enacted in the country districts between the men who raise the corn and those who take it. Agricultural laborers of both sexes taken on by the year, or by the five years, frequently run away, leaving their masters in the lurch at a most critical time, when there are no other laborers to be had to replace them, and think no evil of it.\* In the government of Tamboff, for instance, farmers and landowners, taking time by the forelock, secured a band of laborers in advance, at what seemed a fair rate of wages under the circumstances. The men eagerly accepted the terms, and a portion of the wages in advance as earnest money; but they seem to have felt no obligation to come and work when harvest-time came round; and the employers were left lamenting. Complaint was made to the magistrate, and warrants taken out to bring the delinquents to justice, and very likely many of them may have been punished; but that was cold comfort for the landowners whose corn was rotting in the rain and whose affairs were going to ruin.† Similar tales reach us from the south, north, and east of Russia, where the people are suffering the effects of their own dishonesty, while they grumble — if at all — only at fate.‡ In one place we read of all the ponderous machinery of the law being brought to bear against the defaulting peasants, with the result that matters were left just where they were before. The fugitives were discovered by the police and restored to their masters by force, after the harvest to be still more severely punished; but in three days they arose again, and, shaking the dust off their feet, went away, saying, "This time, no man shall find us." Nor were they discovered, in that classic land of passports

and police supervision.\* If in all these cases the employers played the melancholy part of victims, the presumable explanation is that the conditions were unfavorable for their assuming that of oppressors. They were indignant, like Bill Nye with the Heathen Chinee, at the success rather than at the iniquity of the proceeding. The great majority of such employers take the utmost advantage of their legal position; cheat their workmen, starve them, grind them to grist like the corn in their mills, and then gibe and jeer at them, as rustics poke caged bears with sticks. The Moor has done his work, the Moor can go, is their device. Thus we hear of bands of laborers in the fertile, smiling Crimea, weak and emaciated as if recovering from typhus or dying of consumption, who, working like helots, are fed "upon something which is not bread, but a black, nauseous mass, the indigestible ingredients of which no man can determine."† Others are duly hired at the uniform rate of four roubles a day during the entire season, and when they arrive on the scene of their labors and have worked some time are told that they will receive but two roubles a day.‡ In Samara a numerous party of agricultural laborers were hired at five roubles and a half per *dessatine* (about two and three-quarters acres), and having journeyed to the district where they were wanted at their own expense, were informed that on consideration the employer could only pay them somewhat less than half that sum (two roubles and a half). They returned at once in disgust and spent their last coins on the road.§ In other places whole companies of harvest laborers come home as poor as they went, without a copper coin in their pockets, because the landowners keep back a third, or even a half of each man's earnings, relying on the reluctance of the men to undergo the loss of time, the trouble, and the worry of suing for their wages through the law courts.|| Numbers of such famishing wretches, returning from their harvesting, roam despairingly about the streets of the towns and cities on their way, begging for bread to keep them alive, and asking for alms to take them home, and having asked in vain, they seize upon as thieves what was denied to them as beggars.

The pursuit of trade, properly so called,

\* *The Don Speech*, N. 91.

† *Tamboff Governmental Gazette*, N. 78.

‡ Cf. v. g. *Odessa News*, N. 1042.

\* *Odessa News*, N. 1030.

† *Crimean Messenger*, N. III.

‡ *Gazette of Samara*, N. 155.

§ *Ibid.*

|| *Fuschny Krai*, N. 2591.

as a means of livelihood, requires in Russia no special training of the individual as in other countries. Inherited racial aptitude, mother wit, natural shrewdness, and inborn unscrupulousness are deemed amply sufficient. It is scarcely to be wondered at that men with no more varied mental and moral outfit should have transformed trade and commerce from powerful instruments of civilization into a labyrinth of "ways that are dark," a very quicksand of deceit and chicanery. The most heartless trickery, covered over with a frank, childlike look and a voice clear as an echo from the well of truth, passes current as easily as a counterfeit coin. The average trader makes no bones about overreaching his customers, native or foreign, and of swearing to the truth of the most audacious falsehood ever invented, with all the cheerfulness of a man performing a pleasant duty, and easing his mind. For his chief business maxim is that he may, nay, must—

Stamp God's own name upon a lie just made  
To turn a penny in the way of trade;

though he often does it for even less than a penny. If caught in *flagrante delicto* and convicted of downright roguery, he is no more abashed than if it were a question of his hair growing grey; and eying you with all the tenderness he can infuse into a look, he will say: "I must live somehow, your honor; if not by washing, then by mangling, as the saying is. I could have dealt with your honor without lies or cheating, but then your honor is not everybody—indeed, I might journey on foot from here to Kieff and not meet with your equal." The perfect ease with which he shuffles off the weight of his ill-doings, as a goose shakes off drops of rain-water, forcibly reminds one of Wainamöinen, the Ancient Truthful One of the Finnish Epos, who advances the most deliberate, uncalled-for lies, and when convicted thereof, with astonishing simplicity makes answer: "Well, I did lie somewhat," and conscientiously proceeds with the previous question. "If you don't lie, you won't sell," is a proverb, for which the Russians can scarcely put forward an exclusive claim, though it must be admitted that they act upon it as no other people, ancient or modern, have dared to act. "In the way of trade," said a Russian Orthodox priest of forty years' standing, in conversation with me on the subject some months ago, "a Russian would sell his soul to the Evil One and then pledge it to the Lord; and if an angel from heaven were to tell him

that he had swerved somewhat from the path of virtue, he would smile incredulously and continue to transgress."

The evil has been frequently discussed and explained in Russia, but the explanations are one-sided, incomplete. The press is inclined to attribute it to the overmastering passion for gold and to the Russian's proverbial impatience to grow rich, in order that he himself may spend the money he has collected.\* This account of the matter is partially true, but only partially. Russians are open to a charge of rapacity, to insatiable cupidity, but not to anything savoring of niggardliness. He loves money far less for its own sake or for the advantages it can procure him in future than for the opportunity it affords him of playing the king. He can no more hoard and pinch and stint than an average Bushman can play the part of Beau Brummel in the London of to-day. He regulates his budget as behoves a firm believer in the doctrine that it is more blessed to give than to receive; scatters money lavishly to the right and to the left, giving away his last hundred roubles as royally as if he had a Fortunatus's purse to fall back upon. There are scores of needy wretches in want of a dinner, who once were rich men, in St. Petersburg, Odessa, Moscow, Kieff, who built up their own fortunes almost in a night, and then scattered them to the winds as if they were all mere gold of Tolosa. There used to be a Scotch beggar in London who attributed his poverty to a single miscalculation. He began, it appears, at the age of thirty-five to spend a fortune of £20,000, unexpectedly left to him, at the rate of £1,000 a year, living in ease and idleness the while, in the belief that his span of life would not exceed sixty years; and after the rapid flight of some twenty-two or three years was stupefied to find himself healthy and a beggar. None of the Russian spendthrifts whom I ever saw or heard of could with truth allege that they entertained any, even the most slipshod, calculations before frittering away a fortune.

On the other hand it cannot be denied that hot haste in the pursuit of riches is a characteristic of the Russian merchant, and does much to intensify that spirit of improbity which it did not create. Many merchants are so impatient to do business that they cannot even wait till their customers enter their shops, but must needs

\* "In all things," says the *Novoye Vremya*, "the specific quality of the Russian mind is unbridled lust of sordid gain." (29th September, 1889)



sally forth, lay violent hands upon them, and drag them in. This is at bottom the same kind of ardor that the mythical Lien Chi Altangi observed in the London shopmen of last century, only duly intensified and Russianized. "There," cries the mercer, showing me a piece of fine silk, 'there's beauty. My Lord Suckeskin has bespoke the fellow to this for the birth-night this very morning; it would look charmingly in waistcoats.' 'But I do not want a waistcoat,' replied I. 'Not want a waistcoat!' returned the mercer; 'then I would advise you to buy one. When waistcoats are wanted, depend upon it they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you are sure to be well used, as they say in Cheapside.'" You are certainly very ill-used at times if you do not buy before you want in Russia, where brute force so often does duty for persuasion. A friend of mine walking for the first, and last, time in his life along the streets in the *Apraxin Dvor* — a sort of miniature city composed of the shops and stores of the genuine Russian chapmen, whose manners, morals, and mercantile methods have been admirably painted by the playwright Ostroffsky — was forcibly drawn into a ready-made clothes shop, his coat slipped off and another fitted on in the time it takes to tell it. He pleaded, protested, threatened; the assistants alternately bullied and cajoled him, but after a long struggle released him amid a shower of picturesque epithets. He had not had time enough to collect his scattered senses, when he was lifted bodily into a trunk store and shown a capacious trunk. "But I don't want a trunk, not even gratis," he apologetically pleaded. "Well, this is gratis, or nearly so, only fifteen roubles." "But I assure you I do not" . . . "Oh! you think it's not the best of its kind. Well, sir, God is witness that you won't get a better trunk in all Petersburg, nor a cheaper. You are not used to bargaining? We like honest men of your stamp, take it for ten roubles." "Let me go; I will have none of your trunks." "Not till you've seen some more. Ivan, take the gentleman up-stairs and show him all the trunks we have. Take your time, sir; a trunk is bought not for a day or a way, it's for a lifetime, sir." But my friend, who preferred a money loss of ten roubles to unknown and possibly more serious sacrifices, paid the money, had a droschky called, and drove away.

The newspapers have been constantly full of complaints of the same description. "Moscow knows," says the *Russian*

*Courier* of Moscow, "what the Knife Row is, and St. Petersburg realizes what the Cerberi of the Apraxin Dvor are, how they fight among themselves over a customer, how often a whole squadron of them fall foul of a passer-by, drag him into their shop and violently force him to buy something. The police-courts in Petersburg, where a long series of prosecutions have arisen from attacks on the public in the Apraxin Dvor, treat the merchant Cerberi with all the severity of the law." \* Laws in Russia, however, are seldom efficacious for long and we find the police prefect of Warsaw ordering all merchants in that city to bind themselves over to cease in future from dragging passers-by into their shops and warehouses, and threatening them with all the rigors of the law if they break their promise.† Such violence is not always visited on the purchaser only. At Saratoff the other day a gentleman entered the shop of a fish salesman, named Krynkin. While he was making a selection, a fishmonger a few doors off, entered, seized the inoffensive customer by the throat and dragged him into his own shop. Krynkin expostulated, but was knocked down and severely beaten by his rival, who then returned to serve the unhappy man whom he had dragged along the street like a shark. There were a number of people looking on, but they only took a speculative interest in the proceedings. The strokes of business that are daily done in these stores and warehouses by shaggy-bearded, inoffensive-looking barbarians would prove a revelation to Ah Sin himself. The following sketch is taken from the journals, and can be vouched for as characteristic. A middle-class state functionary enters a ready-made clothes shop to purchase a suit of clothes or a coat. When trying it on he notices in one of the pockets an article of value (a watch, silver cigar-case, etc.) put there designedly by the tradesman. The intending purchaser covets the watch as well as the coat, and keeps his own counsel. He pays the price demanded almost without haggling, such is his anxiety to leave the shop. The tradesman charges twice as much as under ordinary circumstances, and having received the money, stops the happy purchaser who is rapidly gliding from the shop, with the words, "I beg your pardon, but I forgot to take my watch from your pocket," and having removed it, adds,

\* *Russian Courier*, July, 1887.

† *Odessa Messenger*, 27th July, 1887.

"You may go now, many thanks." The other day a certain N. went into one of these shops to purchase an overcoat. He was exposed to the above described temptation and succumbed. Seduced by the massive silver cigar-case stuck in the pocket, he paid £2 12s. for an article worth £1 10s. at most, and at the threshold of the door he was relieved of his prize and left the shop meditating revenge. A few days later he returns to the same stores, treats for a morning coat, puts it on and feels the inevitable cigar-case. Having hastily substituted a tin cigar-case silvered over for the genuine bait, he haggled a little to save appearances, declined to buy, and went his way. When the theft was discovered the tradesman was *naïf* enough to bruit it abroad and to inveigh against the rascality of the St. Petersburg public;\* forgetting that dishonesty is less the monopoly of any one profession than a talent lying latent in all his countrymen, waiting only for the occasion, like the *Æolian* harp for the caressing breeze.

If the Russian public were alive to its own vital interests, nothing less than force would cause it to consume many of the articles of food that are sold in the shops. When such an article as pepper is adulterated to the extent that a pound of that condiment contains but two ounces of real pepper, and a *pud* (about thirty-seven pounds), which sells for twenty-four roubles, costs the vendor only three, one can form an adequate idea of the proportions assumed by adulteration. Two years ago a correspondent of the *Moscow Gazette* interviewed a well-known Moscow wine-merchant, whose piety is equal to his business qualifications. This is what he said to each other: "How is business?" "We can't complain, thanks be to God. Last year I sold no less than eighty thousand bottles of Madeira alone." "Where did you get such a large quantity of that wine? The island of Madeira produces altogether ten thousand barrels (?) of wine, of which only three thousand come to Europe. The wine-merchant smiled and answered, "God sends it. What do you suppose I pay a chemical expert three thousand roubles with board and lodging for? And what profit could I make if I sold mere wine? It would cost me from 4½d. to 5½d. a bottle; I might sell it for 8d. or 9d. If I were to conduct my business like that I might just as well throw the beggar's sack over my shoulder at

once. It's a vastly different thing if out of this wine you fabricate Madeira, and a bottle of it costs you 9d. or 1s., while you sell it for 3s. or 4s.; that's what I call business." "Yes, but that is adulteration, falsification," I objected. "Now you're a man of 'education,'" said the merchant, "and yet you call my Madeira an adulteration. Do you eat beetroot?" "Yes." "And is sugar made of beetroot?" "Undoubtedly." "Well, and do you call sugar a falsification. And when the confectioner makes sweetmeats from sugar, is that adulteration?" "No doubt confectioners' sweets are at times harmful and even poisonous; but your sherries and Madeiras, with their noxious ingredients, are extremely common, and you are seriously injuring the health of those who consume them—sometimes you poison them outright." The merchant smiled and answered according to his piety: "If God does not send death, you may drink any stuff you like, and you will be safe and sound. 'And if you drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt you.' Do you know whose words these are? If you know you are bound to believe. You may drink water without praying over it and sicken."\*

Occasionally the police, dissatisfied with their share of the spoils, make a raid and seize on a hogshhead or two of alcoholic poison, or a chest of sand called tea, and prosecute the public poisoner. But long before the unwieldy machine of the law can be brought to bear upon him he again makes friends with the mammon of iniquity, and the "wine" and "spirits" in the casks carefully sealed up by the law officers, mysteriously changes to pure water or evaporates. In such cases, says an Odessa journal, either the *vodka* completely disappears from the vessel, which was sealed with the seal of the revenue office, or at the very least it changes to water.† Adulteration of food is common to all countries, and even in England people are slow to realize the extent to which they are imposed upon by unscrupulous speculators. The special features of the Russian practice, however, are its universality, openness, and the impunity enjoyed by the merchants whose profits are dependent upon it. Coffee bought in Moscow in April, 1887, for 1s. 6d. per pound was analyzed. It was fine quality to look

\* *Moscow Gazette*, October, 1887; cf. also *Saratoff Gazette*, 23rd October, 1887.

† Cf. *Odessa News*, 20th June and 4th July, 1888, where cases of transformation and evaporation are described in detail.

\* *Novoye Vremya*, 18th August, 1888.

at, and had a delightful aroma. Many of the berries, however, appeared less bright-looking than the others, and when taken out and examined by the analyst of the university were found to consist of clay mixed with chicory, without a trace of coffee.\*

Turning to banks and counting-houses, we find that they have become a byword in Russia. It is only a few days since that a new law was launched against the sharp practices of some of the best-known and apparently respectable banks of St. Petersburg † — a law which will prove as efficacious as the feather of a young humming-bird employed to tickle the side of a healthy rhinoceros. Within the eight years most of the "best" banks in Russia have stopped payment, and tens of thousands of peasant farmers, clergymen, widows and orphans who put their trust in these establishments approved by the government were turned adrift on the world to beg from door to door. The horrors of war have been many a time described with realistic vividness by artistic pens in prose and verse. It would require a masterly hand to depict the wailing and the weeping, the cries of anguish, the looks of despair, the suicides, the robberies, the hideous crimes, and heartrending sufferings that ensued upon the failure of the banks of Skopin, Kozloff, Orel, wherein were swallowed up millions of roubles laboriously scraped together by the thousands of units within whom, in spite of all their inborn recklessness, stirred a faint perception that providence and thrift might after all be worth a fair trial. The tale of wholesale, cold-blooded spoliation that was unfolded during the trials of the galaxy of swindling bankers who have reduced thousands to beggary during the past eight or ten years, might well cause any but the most sanguine patriot to despair of the future of Russia.

Men can never wholly escape the influence of their age and country; and it is to

be regretted rather than wondered at that enlightened physicians, men of science, whose education and mission would seem to give promise of better things, should compete with professional swindlers in this inglorious race for ill-gotten wealth. Last spring a wealthy gentleman called upon a well-known and "respectable" dentist of Moscow, reputed to be a brilliant light in his profession, and ordered a complete set of teeth in gold. When it was ready his expectations were fulfilled to the utmost in all but the color of the metal. "Excuse me, doctor," he said, "but is this pure gold?" The scientific light blazed out angrily: "How can you doubt it? For whom do you take me, sir?" on which the gentleman felt ashamed of himself and left. He went straight to a chemist's laboratory, however, and had the usual tests applied, when it was made evident that the metal was copper without a trace of gold anywhere.\* "Our hydrotherapeutic establishments," says one of the principal organs of the St. Petersburg press, "under cover of philanthropic advertisements, announce that they charge, say, twenty-five roubles for a course of treatment. A patient of scanty means believes and begins the course, and it is soon made clear that he has been lured into a swindling trap. They charge him for everything as extras, and, instead of twenty-five roubles, exact forty-five or even fifty. The patient, not possessing the means of defraying these unforeseen expenses, is first stripped of everything of which he can be relieved, and then turned out when half the course is over. He is thus fleeced of his money, gets no benefit in return, and sometimes incurs positive harm by abruptly breaking off a drastic water-cure." †

It would be no easy matter to point out a trade, a profession, a calling followed by genuine Russians, in the code of which elementary honesty has a place. It is not merely the unwritten law, the vague, shadowy borderland of sharp practice that lies between mere infamy and the more palpable terrors of stone walls and iron bars, that is daily encroached upon, but the Rubicon of the Penal Code is continually passed with a calm tranquillity that guaranteed immunity from mere human penalties could scarcely justify. The bland simplicity with which wholesale robberies are carried on for years within the knowledge of the public, the priests, and the

\* The following is taken from an official report on teas supplied by well-known firms: Green tea, 14s. a lb.: Of poor quality; contains boiled tea leaves, and is largely colored with ultramarine. Black tea, 4s. 4d. a lb.: Contains very little tea, mixed with boiled tea leaves and willow herb, colored with burnt sugar; 27 per cent. of sand. Reddish tea, 4s. a lb.: 60 per cent. of boiled tea leaves and 12 per cent. of sand. Black tea, 3s. 9d. a lb.: Contains no tea; is made of boiled tea leaves, elm and willow herb; 40 per cent. of sand. Black tea, 5s. 5d. a lb.: 50 per cent. of willow herb and elm leaves. Black tea, 6s. 6d. a lb.: 50 per cent. of boiled tea leaves, and others of a plant unknown; colored with logwood; 7 per cent. of sand. (*Warsaw Diary*, 16th April, 1885.)

† Cf. *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*, 26th September, 1889. *Graschdanin*, 26th September, 1889. *Novoye Vremya*, 26th and 27th September, 1889, etc., etc.

\* *Novoye Vremya*, 13th April, 1889.

† *Graschdanin*, 18th September, 1889.

police, amazes even travellers who have lived long in China. That light weight, now as of yore, should be eked out by heavy stones,\* that trademarks should be forged; food adulterated; goods despatched to distant purchasers which are infinitely inferior to the samples that elicited the orders, is no doubt highly reprehensible, but might still, perhaps, be glossed over as venial errors by a moralist willing to make allowances for exceptional human weakness under strong temptation. But notorious vulgar robbery, propped up by perjury, forgery, and every conceivable form of chicanery, and raised to the dignity of one of the recognized methods of trade by representative men of good standing, who can yet be religious without blasphemy, and edifying without hypocrisy, would seem in sober truth to imply a standard of ethics specifically different from that of civilized nations.

There is a curious class of discount booksellers in Russia who thrive and prosper while the fate that continually threatens and often overtakes the publishing firms whose works they trade in is insolvency and ruin. Vast palatial buildings that yield a handsome yearly income, prove that they drive a brisk trade in books, and give the lie to the saw, that honesty is the best policy. Their method is simple: they usually fee young apprentices of the principal publishing houses to steal whatever books are in demand, and to deliver to their own boy apprentices, who are also members of the conspiracy, as many copies of them as may be required by their customers. That the consciences of these tradesmen give them no uneasiness needs no more convincing proof than the fact that some of them are bringing up their own children to the business. Nor could it well be otherwise. Trade is held in high esteem by men of all countries, classes, and confessions, and to their thinking trade is merely the art of robbing your neighbor without exposing yourself to his vengeance. The first part of this definition is tersely expressed by the proverb, "Wherein one deals, therein one steals," while the moral blamelessness of robbery could scarcely be proclaimed with greater force than in this other proverb: "Why not steal, so long as there's no one to hinder it."

\* Take as a typical instance the firm of Messrs. Weingurt, of Odessa, who received from the factory with which they deal and sold to their own customers without having previously verified it, sugar in which to nine hundredweight of sugar there was one hundredweight of stones. (*Odessa News*, 7th December, 1887.)

Another of these booksellers, we are told, did a thriving little trade, in addition to the sale of books, in wax candles made by the monks, in accordance with the canons of the Church. He obtained the candles in the same way that he came by the volumes: the little boys who were assisting the monks to sell them being paid to steal them. "*He was often detected*, and occasionally threatened with the legal consequences of his acts." It was on these occasions, we are told, that the religious principles to which he always tenaciously clung buoyed him up and bore him safely out of danger. "I say, Masha!" he would cry out to his wife who was sitting in a little parlor inside, "take a wax candle, a good thick one, mind, and run off and light it before the *icon*."\* And his faith was strengthened by the knowledge that his fervent prayers for a way out of the difficulty were always heard and granted. A less pious colleague was proportionably less fortunate, and once had to stand his trial. He made up in sharpness, however, for what he lacked in piety, and "wriggled out of the accusation in a truly masterly manner." Chatting after his acquittal with his neighbor, the man who had prosecuted him for the theft, "What a greenhorn you are, to be sure!" he exclaimed. "If, when you caused the raid to be made on my shop, you had only looked under the counter, you would have found all the stolen books there. But it's evident that, to punish you for your litigiousness, God turned your eyes away."†

E. B. LANIN.

\* *Novoye Vremya*, 21st October, 1888.

† *Ibid.*

#### From The Nineteenth Century IN PRAISE OF LONDON FOG.

It has been said that no city in the world is so beautiful as London on a fine day. Whether this is true or not seems very doubtful. But the converse of this proposition, viz. — that nothing is like the beauty of London at night, or during a foggy day — though apparently paradoxical, is most certainly true. Such beauty does not indeed come under the received classical forms and types, and, should we turn to the old Latin adage, *Pulchra sunt, quæ visa placent*, we might find much difficulty in bringing it within the scope of that definition. There is nothing at all agreeable in being out in the fog; neither the man of business nor

the man of pleasure can possibly help disliking it; and as for the artist (taking the term now and for the whole of this paper as equivalent to the *Seeker of the Picturesque*), accustomed as he is to look for beauty along certain fixed lines, he scarcely ever suspects that he can find anything to please his æsthetic sense in other directions. He will go into ecstasies over a starry night, or the pale crescent of the moon shining through the jet black fir-trees in the forest; but the beautiful, as it reveals itself in a London street by night, will too often escape his attention.

And yet this ought surely not to be so. Dead nature, landscape nature, attracts us by far too much. Real as its charms indubitably are, they belong to the superficial rather than to the internal order of things. And hence it comes that their study is so frequently carried to excess, and that their descriptions are so hackneyed as to become ridiculously trite; so much so, that a writer who seeks to be original and graphic in his delineations of scenery is almost forced to be unintelligible at times.

While, therefore, these inferior manifestations of loveliness in color and in form are so much sought after, living human nature, which is always new, which never can become the stale and hackneyed object of the artist's toil, both on account of its infinite variety and of its being so close at hand, so near to us — man, with his works and thoughts, as typified in this vast city of the world — is comparatively given over to oblivion; I mean, of course, from one particular point of view sufficiently pointed out in the foregoing lines. Yet it is but the merest truism to say that there is more of real beauty in a human face, in a stone carved by a human hand, in a toy invented for a child by a human mind, than in the cataract of Niagara or the most dazzling snow-clad summits of the Alps. And if so, what of London? Life is in movement, and here, what movement, what life! Beauty is in life; and here, therefore, what beauty! Artistic natures, that love whatever is colossal, magnificent, and sublime, could not fail to love London if they would only open their eyes and look around them on every side. Samuel Johnson would have willingly given up the country, with all its verdurous and smiling landscapes, for the scenery that his dear Fleet Street offered to his view. And the present writer, without, however, thus restricting his preference to any one part of the great metropolis, ventures to hold a similar opinion.

In many respects, London has no advantage over other cities; in several points, it is even inferior to some. The good taste shown in the architecture of its palaces and public buildings is not unfrequently questionable, to say the least. The West End itself contains few mansions that would not find their equals in Paris, Vienna, or Berlin. The old monuments scattered here and there about the town, are hardly more curious than those of most other nations, and sink into complete insignificance when we remember those of Rome. The public gardens and parks, trim and well kept as they are, exhibit nothing that, to a greater or less extent, is not to be found in every wealthy capital in Europe. But that which can be seen nowhere but in London — that which gives it its peculiar stamp and its special beauty — is its night and its fog.

Night in London!

Stand upon Westminster Bridge, and gaze at the innumerable glories reflected back by the Thames; the avenues of gas lights and rows of illuminated windows, repeated in the heaving waters, and trembling and undulating as the waters heave; the solitary electric lamp that shines out from the immense station of Charing Cross; the red, blue, and emerald green lanterns on the railway bridge far away, and the long cloud of white smoke that, iris-like, takes the color of each lantern over which it rolls, while it marks the passage of a fiery messenger along the rails; the lights of the swift, graceful steamboats below, plying upwards against the tide, or downwards with it, and making the brown waters foam and sparkle; the factories on the south side of the river, all ablaze with a thousand radiances; the long, straight line of lamps, that stretches as far as the eye can see, above Westminster Bridge, where Lambeth Hospital faces, not unworthily, the great Houses of Parliament; and with all these splendors surrounding you, and in the midst of this whirlpool movement ever more and more rapid, ever louder and louder, as the great city swells to vaster dimensions year by year — go and talk nonsense about the stars and the light of the moon! Prate about cornfields and green grass, sheep and oxen, when you see, streaming past you over the bridge — out of the darkness, into the darkness — thousands of living fellow-creatures, all of them thinking and willing, many of them loving and hating, some of them like unto holy angels, and some like fiends from hell! Oh, the dread intensity, the wonderful meaning, the turbulent grandeur of the



scene! Starlight and moonlight may indeed embellish it; the towers of Westminster, silvered with celestial radiance, may indeed look more splendid than when they loom, black and solemn, out of the lamplight and the starless obscurity; still, to my mind, these occasional interferences add but little to the scenery, and their absence does not matter much. But what would the fairest of capitals — Venice, for instance — be at night, without those lamps of Heaven? Only London gives out enough light to be, like the Medusa, beautiful by its own phosphorescence.

But still, this beauty is of a sort that the common mind, accustomed to judge of all things by precedent, is able to understand without any very great difficulty. Let us now turn to another part of the town, and walk through Drury Lane on the evening of a bank holiday, or on Saturday night. We find ourselves transported at once to an unutterably strange region, dismal to dwell in, squalid beyond description, and inhabited by a population of tame savages. An Orpheus, in the shape of an organ-grinder, makes his appearance and metaphorically "strikes the lyre," and behold, ragged and tawdry beings of all sizes, from the three-year-old child to the girl of sixteen and more, come trooping out of their unsavory wigwams, and hop about in the murky open air, under the flaring gas. "Music hath charms," it would appear; and whether this can or cannot be called music, it has indescribable charms for them. The rain begins to fall; a thin drizzle at first, it quickly becomes a heavy shower; but the dancers will not be balked of their enjoyment. So that they get all the benefit of the ball, what do these children of nature care for a drop of rain or a splash of mud more or less? And indeed the ball-room is most brilliantly lighted, and there is no want of partners; no glacial coldness, or polite ceremonial, or questions of etiquette, come in here to make the party a failure. They enjoy themselves as thoroughly and as wildly as it is possible to do. On the begrimed (but not *painted*) faces; on the scowling, laughing, saucy, devil-may-care (but never languid) countenances that move to and fro in time with the music, the fitful flickering of the gas-flames tells with admirable effect. Rembrandt might perhaps do justice to the scene. For my part, I have often stopped in my way to look at it, and would quite as willingly see that as any war-dance or bear-dance, with torches, and screams, and whoops, such as travellers tell us are to be witnessed

among the Choctaws and the Kickapoos. And yet who would care to step out of his way and view the performance? No one; or at most, very few. Why so? because "it is so low a part of the town." Now, this is just what I should like to deny. That these poor people are below the aristocracy and the highly bred portion of the middle class is, of course, undeniable; but, in my opinion, the underbred middle class is, in reality, much lower than they. Vulgarity, the very essence and perfection of vulgarity, lies in the affectation of social tastes and manners which are not natural, and this surely is the infallible criterion of a nature that is low. Supreme vulgarity is attained when persons imperfectly civilized attempt to appear more civilized than they are. Every station, when kept, has its own peculiar picturesqueness; if it is much departed from, the departure becomes ridiculous; if less so, merely vulgar. The African monarch who spoiled the picturesque bronze of his nudity with a dress coat, a white collar, and a pair of slippers, was absurd. The grocer's daughter in Dickens, who was horrified to see her father wring off half-a-dozen shrimps' heads and eat what remained at one mouthful, was vulgar. I know people who do not eat periwinkles "because it is so vulgar to do so;" not because they do not like them. Just as if the abstention itself was not a token of vulgarity.

Now, the denizens of Drury Lane and the neighboring slums and alleys are assuredly nearer to nature than these. In their lives there is no artificiality, no make-believe, no stiffness, no inherent falsehood of any sort. If they love you they will say so; if they hate you they will curse. Lie as they may, their falsity is but upon the surface, and is less false than the truth-speaking of many other social grades. So also of their amusements; and hence it comes that, throwing their whole soul into them, they give us the picturesque, where we had least expected to find it. To see them in the excitement of the dance, when the music-man has come round to bestow a little melody and happiness upon them, is well worth many a spectacle more elegant, more sought after, and seemingly more æsthetic, and surely worth a thousand of those balls in which the daughters of the very small *bourgeoisie* purchase a few hours of fictitious amusement at the cheap rate of half-a-crown. Oh, it is a lively sight! In the background, a fruiterer's shop, adorned with plenty of gas, festoons of bright red carrots, set off with bright green leaves and bundles of snow-

white turnips, not without crowns of verdure; while the pyramids of golden oranges, and heaps of blushing apples, the red rhubarb stalks and the delicately pallid celeries complete the picture to perfection. Just in front stands the grinder with his instrument; out of pure philanthropy (for certainly he never expects to get a copper out of any of the young dancers) he turns and turns the handle with disinterested pleasure — art for art's own sake, so to speak; while on both pavements, in the gutter, and even to the middle of the street, moves a motley throng, now practising the jerky movements of the double shuffle, and now the active steps of the Highland reel; even occasionally — though here, I am sorry to say, Drury Lane verges upon true vulgarity — attempting a clumsy and dragging imitation of the waltz. But the music has ceased; a grinder cannot work forever at nothing an hour. The crowd disperses; and the children, having danced a jig or two on their way to the public-house, slink home with the long-expected jug of beer, much in danger of being severely called to account for their delay. All is over. If you doubt whether the sight is worth seeing, go and see.

But the ugliness that is everywhere to be met with! — the bleary-eyed wretches that crouch, intoxicated, in dark corners; the loathsome habits of vice, graven on so many faces; the smell of the breweries and of the spirit-vaults; the rank odor of dried fish, overpowering you from the open doors of innumerable eating-houses; are these no drawbacks? can we call the scene picturesque taken in its entirety? Unreasonable objector that you are, I by no means deny that these are drawbacks that interfere *with our enjoyment* of the scene; but does it follow that it is any the less picturesque? Perhaps you do not like the smell of varnish; but would that render Raphael's Madonnas, when freshly painted, any the less beautiful? We exist in a world of real facts, which it is the business of the artist to idealize while he represents them. He must, in order to perform his task, either totally abscond from the hideous, or only bring the latter into his picture in order to set off the beautiful by contrast. Look at that comely girl, with brilliant, coal-black eyes and mantling ruddy color in her cheeks, holding in her arms a puny, weazen, leaden-faced baby; here the contrast may perhaps increase the artistic effect. But the drunken hags that stagger to and fro before the pot-house door belong to the

philanthropist and the police reporter; art has nothing to do with them, if they cannot be brought in to advantage. "Then, after all, you have to pick and choose, in order to make up your picture?" Of course; nowhere, and not more in the country than anywhere else, is everything delightful to every sense. Even in the most flowery gardens there are odors very different from those of the rose and the honeysuckle. Is there nothing unsightly in the aspect of some human animals there, nothing loathsome in the hog that wallows in filth, nothing discordant in the ass's voice? Yet we set these images aside and cling to "a bold peasantry, its country's pride;" we gaze on the swan that "on still St. Mary's Lake, floats double, swan and shadow;" we hear the song of "the wakeful nightingale" singing "all night long her amorous descant." With what consummate art Virgil, in his Georgics, looks at the poetical side of everything, even of a cattle plague!

The fact is that most people are under a strange delusion as regards the country and the town. Plenty of green grass and shady nooks, luxuriant foliage, waving corn, hills and valleys — all this takes us at first by surprise, and we foolishly imagine it to be the highest ideal of beauty. But after a time all these things pall upon the senses, like the decorations of a theatre when the actors have left the scene, and a feeling of insupportable lassitude takes hold of us. In the town, on the contrary, we first see nothing but the unpicturesque side — the long, straight streets, the parallel rows of houses, the want of space, and the dull sky; but if, throwing aside all foregone conclusions as to what is and what is not beautiful, we venture to call in question this sweeping condemnation, and look for beauty around us in the town — a beauty which should not be an imitation of the country, but something apart, something *sui generis*, something that belongs to the essence of the town, *as town*, and which grows necessarily greater and greater, more and more sublime, with the growth of the town itself — our search will soon be rewarded, and ever more abundantly as it is more careful. Life in town, commenced in weariness, will little by little turn to delight; while country life, beginning in delight, gradually changes into weariness.

London by night, from Westminster Bridge, is darkly picturesque; in Drury Lane, wildly picturesque. It now remains for us to see London weirdly picturesque.

I was crossing the narrow bridge for

foot-passengers that runs by the side of the Charing Cross railway bridge. It was broad daylight — that is, as broad daylight as we got all that day. And yet I could see neither whence I came nor whither I was going. Men and women, like shadows, some passing one way, some the other, came out of invisible regions, and vanished into regions invisible. I looked downwards; I could just see the turbid waves below me, and their uneasy undulations to and fro. I looked upwards; a faint, hazy, bluish tint told me that there was a sky overhead. But in all the broad expanse before me I could not tell where the dark-brown hue of the Thames melted into the pale azure of the firmament. Nothing could be distinguished — absolutely nothing. The nearest bridges above and below, the houses on either side, Cleopatra's gigantic Needle, the boats and coal-barges — if, indeed, any were then moored upon the river — were all completely out of sight. I was suspended in the air between the dimly seen sky and the dimly seen waters, on a bridge that neither ended nor began, or rather, of which the beginning and the end were a few yards off from me on either side. A dozen feet or so of railing, right and left; trains constantly whizzing by, with thundering noise and exploding fog-signals; human beings, indistinct in the near distance, distinct for a moment while they pass, and then again at once indistinct and swallowed up in the cloud; a most perfect gradation from the seen to the unseen, throughout all possible varieties and shades — would not such a sight be eminently worthy of a great painter's pencil, or a great writer's pen?

Or take another point of view: Waterloo Bridge on a foggy evening; not, however, when the vapors are densest, but when they just begin to thicken, rising from the Thames. How the eye plunges down the long vista of lights — some fixed, some mobile — in the vain endeavor to distinguish Blackfriars Bridge, otherwise than by the stream of sparks that flit backwards and forwards upon it! And the eddy mists — now thicker, now thinner, as the wind's direction changes — make the lights twinkle like the stars of heaven, and more than they; some appear all but extinguished and then again revive suddenly, while the accumulated fog is driven hither and thither, up or down the stream. To use a homely comparison, the vanishings and reappearances of the lamps in the uncertain distance are not unlike the train of scintillations that

we see running on the black and shrivelled surface of paper which has just been burnt.

And has not a foggy morning its beauties too? I was not long ago journeying from Clapham to Westminster on the top of an omnibus, while a thick mist, curling and shifting about, alternately hid from view and partially revealed the rows of houses that glided past us like grey spectres. Above their roofs, but scarcely above them, the red sun peeped, or rather bounded along to keep pace with us — which he did. Sometimes he was for an instant concealed behind chimney-stacks, steeples, or public edifices, and then he again showed his fiery orb, broad and brilliant. And, as we pass before Kennington Park, the skeleton trees one after another cover the golden globe with a delicate, black, ever-changing network of branches — a sight not to be despised. Now we turn away; our direction has changed, and the sun disappears. Shall we no more see him beaming jovially and genially into our faces — not a god too bright to be gazed at, but the familiar companion of our journey? Yes, there he is! — again, though but for a short time, we see him bounding along the horizon, as if to bid us farewell.

Now all that effect is owing to the fog. Say what you will against it, I still maintain that no one can truthfully deny the picturesque beauty obtained by the agent that, instead of letting you shut your eyes from the dazzling sunbeams, brings the great giver of light himself into the landscape, and contrasts his living, burning globe of flame with the cold, angular outlines of the grey, shrouded houses and the dead, leafless boughs of the desolate trees. Is not this contrast beautiful? Yet nobody notices it, because it is at our doors. How many remarked it that morning from the tops of their omnibuses! And if I saw it, small merit to me; had I chanced to have been reading a paper, Sir Robert Morier's quarrel with young Bismarck or Boulanger and M. Jacques would have absorbed me completely. Life in London does not, for most men at least, exhaust all the possibilities of the picturesque; only we get accustomed not to seek for it, not to think of it even, in connection with our daily life. And no wonder. "What we have seen a thousand times is not worth seeing;" such is the instinctive axiom of the common mind, than which nothing can be falselier or more foolish. For, if the fact that we have gazed upon anything rendered that thing less beautiful, we must

have the evil eye. The children of Israel in the desert grew so used to see, day after day, night after night, the cloudy pillar and the pillar of fire, that at last they took no notice at all of these wonders, and in their presence, broke out into idolatry and rebellion against Jehovah. They were a stiffnecked generation; and so are we.

Not all of us, however. Some men have souls, artistic souls that rise above this dead level. And their souls yearn for mystery. From the clear, hard light of science they fly, when wearied, to the dusky, misty regions of faith. After having waked, we must sleep; one state comes in aid to the other; each is the half of life. And so is faith also the half of thought, with its mysteries and its indistinct revelations of we know not what. The fog symbolizes all this. It figures forth with marvellous truth the conditions of our knowledge, beginning in ignorance, ending in ignorance, and spreading only a very little way around us on each side. In the weird indistinctness that it sheds upon everything in this world of London — clothing the Houses of Parliament with phantom drapery, effacing the hands on the dial of the clock tower, and annihilating to the eye the mighty dome of St. Paul's, while leaving its foundations and walls intact — the fog throws the glamor of mystery over all, and thus gives a touch of poetry to a wilderness of buildings that would by themselves be too prosaic, too matter-of-fact.

But it may be said that I plead for the fog in general, not for the London fog. What is there of the beautiful in this dingy yellowish monster, shedding flakes of black snow all round, and almost stifling you in the thick folds of its close embrace? I own that this dinginess, this jaundice hue, this combination of smoke and mist that gives the very sun a "sickly glare" and extinguishes the electric lights at a hundred yards, seems to be, and is, repulsive. But take away the idea of mere annoyance, of trifling inconvenience, which the fog suggests, and try to substitute that of a terrible calamity of which it might be either the cause or the accompaniment; you will no longer say that the fog's appearance is "horrid" or "disgusting," but rather confess it to be fearful and grand in the extreme. When you see at the end of a long, interminable street a thick volume of fog settling down and rolling onwards in triumph, fancy that it is the plague-cloud, conveying deadly germs into every household that it reaches; or

imagine that London, besieged by the enemy, is burning, and that the fog-signals are the detonations of shells from hostile batteries; or think that Vesuvius, when about to overwhelm Pompeii, began by rolling forth such a cloud down its sides. You will soon find it terribly picturesque. And, therefore, as the fog is not so, that arises only from our associations, disagreeable indeed, but without the element of grandeur that might attach to them.

London, the metropolis of the world, is unique; it is meet that its beauties should be unique also. At the hour when the charms of Nature vanish from sight, or only come forth if the heavens lend their aid, London, all the year round, spreads before all beholders a constant panorama of splendor and of brilliancy. In the lowest depths, in the mud abysses of this ocean of humanity, we often and often perceive wild glimpses of rude and savage, but joyful and exuberant life. And at those seasons when the enchantment of verdure ceases in the groves, when the magic of sunlight loses its power in meadow and field, the enchantment of another magic lends to the buildings and the streets of London a mysterious charm for him who has eyes to see.

M. H. DZIEWICKI.

From Murray's Magazine.

#### JOEL QUAIFE'S RETURN.

##### I.

IN one of the most solitary ranges of the South Downs a man was fighting his way against a storm of wind and rain, which seemed to beat upon him from all quarters of the heavens at once. Night was coming on, and heavy clouds were blowing up from seaward. Sometimes the "denes," or valleys, were full of mist, and the man looked round him every now and then as if he were not sure of his track. A sort of mystery always hovers over the South Downs in the dim light of a winter's evening. The winds rush in and out of the hollows with strange, wild sounds. Sometimes they fill the air with cries which seem to come from human beings in pain. A nervous or superstitious person might imagine that the weird spirits which, as the old people believe, still linger in these secluded hills were holding high carnival, and seeking to drive the intruding mortal from their domain. Every such sound evidently had an effect upon the man who was battling against the storm

on this December night. Wet, cold, and miserable, he looked eagerly round for some place of shelter. There was nothing better than the thick furze, which, in some places, had grown to a height of ten or twelve feet. A pile which had been cut for fuel stood ready to be carted off by the side of the faint track the man was following. He threw himself down at the back of it, so as to get some shelter from the wind, and lit a short, black pipe. For a little while he sat motionless, puffing jets of smoke from his mouth; then he began talking in a low voice, as if some one had silently joined him.

"I was a fool to come here at all," he said; "but I never till now fancied there was any danger in it. Night and day, something was always pushing me on to come back. If it all turns out right, I shall say it was luck; anyhow, it can't be worse than it was over there in Canady. *There's* a starvation hole for you, if you like! I thought I might as well be hard up here as there — if you've got to starve, may as well do it in your own country. It comes a bit easier at home — anyhow, I fancied so. Must die somewhere — what's the odds where, provided it isn't —" Here the man stopped short, and stood up and looked round him nervously. There was a hunted look in his eyes; for a moment or two his hand shook so that the pipe fell from it, and lay in fragments on the ground. This mishap appeared to rouse him from his dreams.

"That's gone," said he, with an oath, as he kicked the broken pipe from him; "it was about the only thing I had left. What the deuce came over me all at once?" He shook himself impatiently, and strode on towards the ridge of the hill, in the hope of descrying some cottage or barn before the night set in. His head was bent down, his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he went along at a pace which showed that he was still in the full vigor of his powers. By the time he neared the ridge, there was so little daylight left that he could scarcely see more than a few yards round him in any direction. The only object on which his eyes fell was a small cottage, in a hollow of the Downs, with a large, rambling barn standing near it — a place where, at least, a rough shelter might be found. The man quickened his steps until he got close to the cottage, when some unaccountable impulse seemed to stop him, and again the hunted look came into his face. In a moment he had hurried from the direction of the cottage down towards the valley.

"Anywhere but there," he muttered, as he tried to retrace his steps. "I thought I was miles away from here. The round tops of these hills are enough to confuse the very deuce. But I know where I am now. I can get to Newhaven in an hour."

The darkness had come on so quickly that the hour had passed away, and another after it, and still the traveller was as far as ever from Newhaven.

## II.

A FEW minutes after he had turned away from the cottage, a strange-looking figure was advancing towards it from an opposite direction. It was dressed in a long coat reaching to the heels; on its head was a dilapidated felt hat; in the right hand it brandished a long, ash stick, which it sometimes threw with sure aim at a small herd of cows. Presently a cry was heard from the direction of the cottage, a cry several times repeated: "Barbara, Barbara!" The person in the long coat answered with a peculiar whoop, which rung through the hollows far and near. Apparently the signal was understood, for the call was not renewed. The cows were shut up in the barn, and the long-coated figure made its way towards the cottage, at the door of which an old man was standing.

"Here you be at last," said he querulously; "I began to be afeared you was lost. Come in, gal, come in! My rheumatics is worse than ever, and I be that dog-tired I can scarcely stand. I brought in the 'ood, and lit the fire; let us have our bit o' supper afore it gets bedtime. What's the good o' bein' so late?"

The long coat was taken off, and the wearer shook her black hair free from the rain which had gathered in it. Her frame was vigorous and strong, but in her eyes there was a half vacant and wandering look, and she seemed unconscious even of her father's presence after the first greeting. She went about the cottage talking to herself as she spread a homely, but clean, cloth for the evening meal. In the corner stood her father's crook, the true crook of a South Down shepherd. It had belonged to John Zone's grandfather, and few are to be seen like it in these degenerate days. The girl touched it in a friendly way as she passed, threw a fresh heap of faggots upon the fire, and then took her supper by fits and starts, the father watching her with uneasy glances. At last she sat down on a low stool by the side of the fire, and rocked herself to and



fro, humming broken snatches of songs, as if she were singing a child to sleep.

"Ay, that's the way she goes on now," said the old man, with a heavy sigh. "That's been her way ever since the night her mother died. It's over ten years ago this very month, and she gets worse and worse. At first she would talk to me now and then; now she says nothing for two or three days together, unless I ask her about them cows. Barbara, Barbara, I say!" and here the shepherd raised his voice a little, "the beastës have got the disease down at Mus' Vinall's farm. It be a spreadin' all over. Has any o' your cows been took?"

"No, father; there's one a little lame, but it be 'ant the disease. I don't let them go near Mus' Vinall's land." Then she relapsed into dead silence.

"Ask her a question about the beastës," muttered the shepherd, "and she'll answer you like any Christian; but if you speak to her 'bout sothin' else, she turns deaf or foolish, like she is now." The girl was looking straight at him, but apparently she did not see him. Her mind, for the moment, was a perfect blank.

"She saw that man," muttered the father, in a lower tone; "perhaps she actually saw it done. She was took the same night as her mother died — I thought she knew who did it. But she could not speak; for a long time she was a' daft. She were allus fond of her mother, poor gal, and still thinks she's comin' home some day."

The shepherd lit his pipe, and sat down opposite his daughter at the fireside, but she took no heed of him. Her hands were clasped round her knees, and except for the crooning sound which she occasionally made, and her rocking motion, she showed no sign of life or consciousness. The shepherd had fallen half asleep, and his daughter appeared to be asleep too; but at length she turned her head towards the door, and drew herself up in a listening attitude. The storm had increased in violence, and swept over the Downs in sudden gusts which shook the cottage until doors and windows rattled. But these were not the sounds which roused the girl. She stood up and put her hands on her father's shoulder.

"What's the matter with thee now?" he asked. "One of thy bad dreams comin' on? Better have it out up-stairs, gal. Go to bed; it's a'most nine, I reckon." But she did not change her position. She pointed to the door, and said, "There is some one coming; we must let him in."

The father looked up astonished. "It's one of they tramps," he replied; "why should we let him in? He must go on furdur, I reckon, for I won't have him here. The last one we took in gave us a lot of trouble before we were rid an him. There were no tramps on these Downs when I was a lad; but now they're all over the country, for beggin' comes easier than workin' to some folk. I allus thought it must have been a tramp that was here the night your mother died; but no one can tell now — unless it be you."

"There it is again," said the girl, apparently not hearing him. Three loud blows upon the door resounded through the little room.

"It be the wind; haven't ye larned to know its tricks yet? Doesn't it sometimes nearly break the door in, ay, and make the walls quake like as if they'd coom down? I tell ye there be nobody theer; why dost look so scared? If it is a tramp, ye needn't be so afeared — ye've seen one afore to-day, surely?"

"I know who it is," said the girl, with a strange fire in her eye, "and he must come in. I knew he'd be here at last."

"Who do you mean?" asked the shepherd, taking the girl by the shoulder, as if trying to awaken her. Why don't ye go to bed?"

"I tell you, father, he must come in," she repeated; and there was something in her manner which compelled him to give way. She motioned him towards the door, and a spell seemed to be upon him. He took up his crook, and went to the door, while his daughter watched him as if all power of movement and speech had been taken from her.

### III.

THE bolt was drawn back, at the same moment the latch was lifted from without, and a man hustled himself into the room. For a moment or two he stood as if bewildered, and there was a strange silence. The stranger's gaze was fixed from the first moment upon Barbara. He stood staring at her as if she had been the ghost of one whom he had known long ago, and under the first influence of some strong emotion he turned to the door to face the storm and darkness again, but a look from the girl seemed to hold him fast. He was a man of about fifty, with a grizzled beard and thin hair, wrinkled and worn in feature, and a restless look hovered over his face.

"Well, some of you here know me, I suppose," said he, with a hard laugh, as

he threw his hat upon the floor, and passed his hands over his dripping clothes. "I've been out there long enough, and thought I'd just drop in to see you, in a friendly way. I reckon *you've* seen me before, anyhow," and he turned to the shepherd as he spoke. John Zone looked at him doubtfully, then went up closer to him and peered into his face.

"So you're back again," said he, when he had finished his scrutiny; "I thought you were dead long ago, Joel Quaife!" The daughter started slightly when the name was mentioned, and she again fixed her eyes searchingly upon the stranger. Her gaze irritated him, and he turned impatiently away.

"Dead men don't come back, John Zone," said he, "whatever they may tell 'ee. The women folk may, though," he added, with a sort of shiver; "leastways, I know of one as does, and not only at night nuther; I've seen her at times when I knew I was awake. You can't keep 'em from worritin' of ye, livin' or dead." He moved round to the fire as he spoke, and sat down on the stool before it.

"What brings thee back here when every one thought thee dead?" asked the shepherd suspiciously.

"I came back because I was tired of furrin parts," replied the stranger. "I thought all my old friends would be glad to see me again; but you don't seem to be over glad."

"Have ye been far away?" said the shepherd, not committing himself to any opinion.

"Ay, to Ameriky, Canady, all sorts of places. At last I wanted to see the old country again; but I'm thinkin' I'd better ha' stayed where I was. I've been wanderin' round this house the last three hours at least—lost! These Downs all look alike at night."

"Coom a little nearer the fire," said the shepherd, moved to sympathy, in spite of his distrust.

"I'll be glad enough to do that, for I'm nearly starved with the cold. I did my best to get on to Newhaven, but somehow I was always brought back to your cottage, and glad I was at last to see the light in your window. I thought to sleep among the furze, but it was too cold and wet. So I had to come here after all—it's what they call fate, and you can't run away from that. Anyhow, I'm here, and I can't stand that cold outside any more to-night. So you'll let me bide here, John, for the sake of old times?" As he spoke his eye rested upon Barbara, and a fit of ague

seemed to seize him. He trembled all over, and his teeth chattered violently. The shepherd looked at him in alarm.

"Don't be scared," said the man, "you've seen the shakes before to-day, down in the brooks yonder. I caught mine in Ameriky. They're bigger over there, to match the country." As he spoke, Barbara came softly to the fire and threw more fuel upon it.

"That's right," said the stranger, rubbing his hands gleefully; "there was always lots o' dry fuzz about here, and it makes a good fire when you can't get nothing better. On with it, lass. There's a wind outside enough to freeze a man's heart in him, if he had any to freeze. Who is she?" he said to Zone, pointing to Barbara. "She stares at me as if I had come out of a wild beast show. What ails her?"

"It's my darter. Don't you remember her?"

"I never see her before as I know on, but she'll remember *me* next time." The girl laughed aloud, but there was a ring in her laugh which the stranger evidently did not like. He left off rubbing his hands, and looked hard and long at the girl.

"Is she a natural, or what?" he asked. He seemed to shrink as the girl returned his gaze in an undaunted manner.

"She's never been right," exclaimed Zone, "since that awful night we had here ten years and more ago. We found her in the marnin', all soft and foolish like, tryin' to hide away from us, and her senses never came back to her. You were away, then, I reckon? Did you hear tell of it?"

"Hear of what? What are you mumbling about? You've got a nice family party here!—one of ye quite cracked, and the other three parts. You must make each other lively these long nights!" He burst into a hard, grating laugh, which seemed to jar on Barbara's nerves. She shivered as she turned her face from the man.

"The night when the poor missis died," said Zone, who had been plunged in his own thoughts. "Of course you've heard how it all happened?"

"How should I hear of it when I was in another country?" replied the stranger irritably. "What's the good of rakin' up all your old troubles? Let 'em sleep, man; that's what I do, leastways, when I can. It doesn't pay to go pokin' and rum-magin' into one's past life—you a'most always find something you didn't want to see again. Let sleeping dogs lie, and tell that gal o' your'n to get me something to

eat. You've got a crust of bread and cheese, I suppose? Now, my lass!" he added sharply.

"Let her bide," said the shepherd. "She don't understand 'ee. Once in a while she can tell what I say to her, but it's all unsartin like. She's got one of her fits on her now." The poor old man looked at her attentively and shook his head. "Anybody would think," said he, "that there was something about you that frightened her. She ain't often like this." Barbara had crouched down in a corner near the door, moaning softly as if in pain. "I told you she's been light-headed ever since she was a child. It was cruel hard on me, comin' just after I lost her mother. Nay, man," he went on, seeing that the stranger was rapidly losing his temper, "never mind her starin' at ye like that; it's only her way. Likely as not she doesn't even see you. She's in a sort o' mizmaze."

"Well, anyhow, let's have something to drink," said the man, with a dark look still on his face. "It may be all right what you say about the gal, but I shouldn't care to see her often. You've got whiskey, I suppose? Pull it out; my throat is as dry as a limekiln. This place and your mad wench have upset me. Give us something to drink, and be quick about it." His manner was rapidly becoming insolent, and now he struck his fist heavily on the table as he spoke.

"I got nothin' but a little whiskey that I keep for the rheumatics," said the shepherd nervously. Little observant though he was, he could not fail to notice that his unwelcome guest had already been drinking, and he rose reluctantly to get his bottle. Once more the stranger struck the table so violently that the girl was startled into consciousness, and made a sudden movement to reach a knife that lay upon the table; but in an instant her mood changed, she nodded to the man vacantly, and again turned away.

"Roof all off," said the man, touching his head. "Why don't you shut her up in an asylum? It's all she's good for. Out with the whiskey," he went on impatiently. "Pack the gal off to bed; we've had enough of her." He seized the bottle, and tossed off a glass of the spirit with a quick, nervous movement. "Keep it for rheumatics, do you?" said he, as he put down the glass. "That's about all it's good for. I needn't have come all this way to drink bad whiskey — there's plenty of it in Ameriky. And so the girl was born like that?"

"No, no; I told you it was only since her mother died. Sometimes we think she must have seen what happened in the old barn yonder. All her singin' stops short when she comes in sight of that place. If she saw that night's work, it was enough to drive her crazed, surely. The poor missis had never done harm to any living creature, and" — the shepherd lowered his voice and spoke in an awe-struck whisper — "they murdered her for my week's wages. And you never to hear tell on it! Why, everybody was a-talkin' about it, and folks did say as it war in a' the papers. The people actially knew of it away up in Lonnon."

"Well, I didn't," interrupted the man, more and more irritably, "and for a good reason. I was far enough from here long before that night as you keep on talkin' of. Don't you remember me goin' off to get work? Well, I've been knockin' about ever since. I wasn't doin' well, and I thought I'd like to see the old home again, down yonder." His voice and manner softened a little as he spoke these words. "That's a feeling you don't seem to get over, no matter where you go. Though I don't suppose there'd be any one but you hereabouts who'd know me now; that's why I thought I'd look in on you, and ask you to let me stay the night. You won't mind doin' that much for an old friend?"

"Ay, do it, father," broke in the girl suddenly, to the intense astonishment of both the men. "We'll take care of him till the mornin', and then" — again she burst into a loud, vacant laugh, which seemed to send a thrill through the stranger.

"Never mind her, I tell 'ee," interrupted the shepherd, seeing that the visitor had risen from his chair and seized the girl by the wrist; "she don't know what she says. Why, man, you look as if you were afraid of her. Let her go, and sit 'ee down, if ye don't want to make everybody oncomfortable. She ain't much to frighten anybody! She just picks up a word here and there, but don't understand you, nor nobody else. She'll never be different now, they tell me. Doctor says it was a shock as did it. A shock of some kind, that's what the doctor says. And a great shock it must ha' been if she saw her mother killed. My poor missis was a lyin' in the barn over yonder, stretched out on the straw, stark dead, with a great big cruel stab in her. It was done for the little wage she'd been down to the farm to get. It must have been dark when she

got back, for it was about this very time of the year, and she never left the house till nigh fower."

"Cut the story short," said the man, muttering an oath. "Haven't you got anything more sociable like to talk about?"

"Not till nigh fower," the shepherd went on, too intent upon his story to heed interruption. "I was makin' a fold for the sheep down in the bottom, where the feed was, and once I thought I heard a strange kind of cry. But I was hammerin' at the wattles, and worn't sure; besides, you know how the wind sounds up here very often, just like women and children screamin' and shoutin'. It is as if some one was close behind you. But that night when I stopped to listen I didn't hear nothin'; it was still as death all at once. After an hour or so I got home, but the missis worn't there. I thought mebbe she'd gone into Lewes to do some marketin' and taken the girl with her; she was about ten year old then. Neither of them came home. I waited and waited; bimeby summatt or other took me out to the barn, and what do you think I seed there?"

"Confound you — how should I know?" The stranger poured out another glass of spirits, and drank it almost at a gulp. He gave a vicious kick at the fire, and was evidently falling into a half drunken, quarrelsome fit. The girl had her head hidden in her hands, apparently fast asleep.

"It was my missis lyin' all bleedin', her bonnet tore off, her pocket cut out of her gown, and all the money gone."

"Did she say anything?" asked the man eagerly. In spite of himself this part of the shepherd's story seemed to interest him.

"How could she say anything? Don't I tell 'ee she was stone dead?"

"And did you see nobody about?"

"Nobody but the old dog. My little gal — her as you see theer — had run away or suthin'. But the next mornin', when I opened the door, there she was sittin' down outside, all shrivelled up with the cold, and lookin' to'rds the barn as if she see'd some'at that scared her. Soon as I opened the door she ran in and throwed herself on her bed up-stairs alongside our'n; and there she lay for a week, and scarce ever raised her head. The doctor came over once from Newhaven and said she wouldn't get well; but she did, except here," and the shepherd placed his hand gently upon her head. "She is fit for nuthin' now but mindin' the cows, and that she does better than any one else.

Bless ye, she gives 'em all names, and they knows her ever so far off."

Joel Quaife nodded sullenly, and again helped himself to Zone's hoard of whiskey, which was now all gone. Then he drew from his pocket a flat stone bottle, and quickly emptied that, and before the shepherd had finished his story — for he went over it more than once — he had fallen into a stupid, heavy, drunken sleep. The shepherd also was tired and drowsy. His voice fell, his chin sunk upon his breast, and soon all was silent in the room.

Barbara raised her head, and looked cautiously round. Her first glance was at the stranger. She soon saw that he was unconscious of everything around him. She approached him closely, and bent over him for two or three minutes, intently scrutinizing every feature. A strange excitement was upon her, and yet there was an alertness in her movements, and a keen look in her eyes, which her father had never seen there before. She touched him slightly, and he looked round at her in a gaze of startled amazement.

"What's the matter, gal?" He spoke in a whisper, so much had the change in his daughter's face surprised him.

"Hush!" She put her finger on her lips, and whispered back a few words to the old man. He seemed as if he had not understood her. She moved quickly and silently to the other side of the table, and as she did so her sleeve touched the stone bottle, and it fell with a crash to the floor. The noise awoke the stranger in an instant. He stood up and gave a quick glance of alarm round the room, and snatched the heavy iron poker from the fender. The girl watched every movement closely, but evidently without a trace of fear.

"Where am I?" said he, turning to the shepherd. No one answered him. He looked unsteadily round, and sat down again. "It's all right," he murmured to himself. "There's only that old fool and his idiot girl here. I must have been dreamin'." He was about to sink off into his drunken sleep again, when the shepherd went up to him and shook him.

"When be you a-goin', Joel Quaife?" he shouted in the man's ear; "it be a-gettin' late, and we must be up airy. You've drank all the whiskey long ago." But the man did not seem to hear him. His senses were confused, and blank oblivion was evidently stealing over him.

"Better for 'ee to go over to the barn, if ye cannot get on further to-night," said Zone, still speaking as if his guest were deaf.

"Didn't you say *she* was killed in there?" murmured the man, with a partial gleam of consciousness.

"What's that to thee? It was over ten years ago, and there's nothing to harm any one now. We've nowhere else to put 'ee. So come along, man—here, Barbara, bring the lantern. It's warm and comfortable in there; but if he likes outside better he can stay there among the fuzz."

"This way," said the girl, taking the man by the other arm, and leading him along. A curse was growled from between his teeth, but both father and daughter were strong, and with little trouble they got him over the few paces which separated the cottage from the barn. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold than he sank down in a heap on the floor among the straw, the shepherd took up the lantern, and his daughter followed him back to the cottage—though not before she had put up the heavy wooden bar which secured the door of the barn. What was inside now had to stay there till the morning.

#### IV.

How long Joel Quaife had been sleeping he knew not, but suddenly he was roused by a voice calling to him out of the darkness. He sat up and listened, but there was no sound. He tried to go to sleep again, but a light seemed to be dancing before his eyes, and the shepherd's story about the murdered woman found its tangled way into his drink-sodden brain. In the midst of the unearthly stillness of the night a wild shriek seemed now and then to rend the air, and once more his name was called aloud. He tried to drag himself to the door, but he seemed unable to make the slightest exertion. All his senses were partially stupefied. With uncertain and rambling fingers, he gathered the straw round him, and relapsed into a deep but uneasy sleep.

An hour later all was still. In the cottage the inmates were apparently at rest; there was no light, and no one was stirring. But Barbara Zone was still waiting and watching, all her delusions gone, and a new intelligence alive within her long-shattered mind. There was no clock in the house, but she was accustomed to read the heavens, and knew the signs of the hours written there, by day or night. The moon was in its decline, and began to show its white crescent face over the top of the Downs. The bark of a dog miles away rang clear in the frosty air. From the fold below there reached her ears the tinkling of a sheep bell, melting as it trav-

elled along into a soft and plaintive melody. The wind had fallen, and but for these sounds the heavens and the earth alike were wrapped in silence.

Barbara Zone rose up and seized the short stake with which her cattle were familiar, and put on her hat and the long, tattered coat. She moved with a noiseless step, evidently fearful of waking the old man in the chamber above. She took a stout rope, which was sometimes used for tethering up the cows, gently opened the door, and passed out into the night. The steep "combes," deep in couch grass, were hidden in the darkness, but here and there could be discerned the white top of one of the old chalk roads, or "borstalls," which climb the sides of the Downs, and which for hundreds of years have been highroads between the scattered hamlets of the hills and the people of the plains. The girl looked round her nervously, for the old legends of the Downs were all realities to her. She had seen the rings on the grass made by the fairies in their midnight dances, and knew that they sometimes came in a single night. A few miles off, in one of the hollows, a gipsy woman had been found many a year ago, frozen to death. She still wandered about the Downs in dark or stormy weather; people had met her with a basket of knitted work upon her arm, on her way from village to village, just as she used to go when their fathers were little children. Barbara Zone had often looked out for her; but since her mother's death it was a different form which she was ever watching for, and which she sometimes believed she saw gliding through the furze, or along the lonely hollows. To-night she knew for certain that this form was near her, and that she was going to meet it. But every trace of nervousness passed from her face, and she walked with a firm and light step towards the barn.

She crept stealthily to the door, and listened breathlessly for any sound from within. There was none. Then she slowly and cautiously let down the bar, and opened the door wide enough to enable her to slide through. Once inside, she stood and listened again, and this time she could hear the heavy breathing of a man in a deep sleep. A few faint rays of moonlight were visible here and there through the chinks of the wall and roof, but Barbara could have found her way in the dark. She moved carefully over the floor, until she came to the sleeping man. As she stood over him she could see that he was being racked with terrible dreams.



There were moments when he was trying to cry out, and others when he was enacting some part in a fierce struggle, for his chest heaved convulsively, his hands clutched at the straw on which he was lying, and he made a desperate effort to rise to his feet. Barbara looked on with a hard, fierce expression in her eyes, and noiselessly lit a candle, placed it in her lantern, and stood it on the ground in such a way that the light was hidden from the man's eyes. She then stooped down and gazed into the sleeper's face. There was something in her own expression as she watched which seemed to take all traces of the woman out of her features. Her lips were compressed, and a fierce light gleamed in her eyes. She crawled nearer and nearer to the man, who was still stupefied with the whiskey, and with a quick and dexterous movement she passed the rope she had brought with her round his arms above his elbows, and again round his wrists, and with still greater rapidity she carried one end of it in a loop round his neck, and made it fast to the head of the stall to which the man had retreated for warmth. Then she stood back and laughed, for she saw that, the more violently her prisoner struggled, the more certain he was to strangle himself.

V.

So expertly had Joel Quaife been pinned that he was not fully roused from his sleep before he was entirely helpless. The great physical strength of the girl, and her skilful handling of the rope, had put the stranger in her power before he regained consciousness. The first movement he made tightened the rope round his neck, and a cry of terror burst from his lips. He tried to spring up, but the noose held his neck as in a vice; he tried to get his hands free, but the harder he pulled the tighter became his bonds. The shepherd's daughter sat down and watched his efforts with a savage delight. "Father taught me how to tie a rope like that years ago," she said to herself; "I never thought it would be so useful as it is to-night." As Quaife's senses slowly returned, he looked at the girl with a sort of dim surprise. "It's only the mad wench," he muttered. "At first I thought it was—the other one. I must get out of this place, or I shall go mad myself." But he could not move without pain, and presently he lay back and looked at the girl, and a horrible fear crept into his very heart. He roused himself from this, and

curled the girl from between his blanched lips.

"What devil's tricks are you up to now?" he said hoarsely. "Come and undo this rope, you crack-brained hussey, or I'll wring your neck for you. What are you staring like that for? Do you know me?"

"Ay, well I do," replied the girl, with a calmness which increased the dread that had stolen over her prisoner. Was her madness of the night before merely feigned? The rope seemed to be eating into his neck as the suspicion crossed his mind. "Well do I know thee," she continued. "Do you think I could forget you after what I have seen? I knew I should find you some day, because she has come in the night and told me so. But it seemed a long time waiting for you, and sometimes I thought you were never coming. When you put your face in at the door last night I knew you the first moment. This is the very place—do you remember?"

"Remember what, you mad moll? I've never seen you before, nor you me."

"Ay, keep on saying that, Joel Quaife, and see who'll believe you after they've heard what I've got to tell 'em. I was lookin' in at yonder door, ten years ago, when a man came out of the barn with a knife in his hand. He turned round and almost saw me, but I hid myself, and ran away, and crouched down in the furze. I saw him all the while, though he didn't know it." The man uttered a growl like that of a wild beast, and glared at the girl with a fury which might well have made her tremble, but she looked on at him calm and unconcerned.

"Many a time since," she went on, "I have seen that man's cruel face, on the Downs or in the combes, and always as it was as he came out of that door—with a streak of blood across it. I forgot everything else, but not that. My head has been in a whirl these many years, but now it is right again. You were that man, Joel Quaife!"

"It's a lie, you lunatic," growled the man.

"Last night, as you sat by the fire, I made up my mind what I would do. Father could not have helped me, and I should have been afraid for him to go near you. So I had to manage you myself, and I think I have done it pretty well."

Quaife gave one more violent wrench at the rope, but was soon obliged to admit that the girl spoke the truth. Her work

had been done so well that there was no chance of undoing it.

"I am going to wait till father comes," said the girl, watching every movement of her prisoner; "he will go over to Lewes, and fetch the police. You will be tried for killing my mother, and hanged over yonder at the jail."

"Why, you idiot," said Quaife, with a forced laugh, "do you think any one will believe you? Don't everybody know you ought to have been sent to the 'sylum long ago? Come, undo this rope, you Jezebel, or I'll make it worse for you."

"I'm not afraid about their believing me," said the girl quietly. "You've washed the blood off your face, but you can't wash out the murder. You killed her for a few shillings, and she was buried in the little churchyard below. But she has been following you ever since, and at last she has brought you here again — to be hung. You couldn't help comin', and you can't help yourself now."

"Come now," said Quaife, in a coaxing tone, "there's been enough of this. I tell ye, I never saw your mother in my life. You've made a mistake, my girl. Undo this rope like a good wench, and I'll give thee a sovereign. There's plenty of time for me to get away before your father comes, and I'll tell no one what has happened. You've had a kind of nightmare, but I don't bear thee any grudge. Only loose this rope, and let me be off."

"The rope has made a red mark round your neck," said the girl, in a tone which made Quaife's blood run cold. "It is the hangman's mark! He will know you by it when he sees you, and he'll not have long to wait."

The man uttered a groan, and threw himself down under the head of the stall, in such a position as to lessen the strain of the rope. "Go and fetch your father," he groaned. "Tell him to come and see the wild beast show as you've set up here. Tell him there's two tigers, a male and a she-male, and hang me if the she-male isn't the savagest."

At that moment the voice of John Zone was heard calling for his daughter. She gave the peculiar cry which was her usual signal, and in a few minutes her father appeared in the doorway.

"Come in, father," said the girl, with a faint smile; "it's only Joel Quaife. He is waiting to go to the big jail. We both began to think you was never coming. Get your breakfast first, father — I don't want any to-day — and then you can go and fetch a policeman."

"Barbara, my lass," said Zone, with a half-frightened glance at his daughter, "what ails thee? Go back in the cottage, and get thy breakfast. This 's goin' to be one of thy bad days. Why, what have you been doing in here?" His eye for the first time fell upon Joel Quaife, and he started back astounded, for he had taken his daughter's words as nothing more than an indication of a fresh delusion. When he saw Quaife a prisoner, unable to move without pain, the old shepherd trembled, for the event which he had in secret long dreaded seemed now to have happened — the harmless craze of poor Barbara had turned into a dangerous form of madness.

"Why, Joel," said he, in a sorrowful voice, "how cam'st thou to let her tie thee up like this?"

"She came on me when I was asleep, four or five hours ago. And she's been watching me ever since. She'll bring thee into trouble, John Zone; you've no right to have a raving lunatic like this at large, trying to murder people. Come, man, don't stand gaping there — take that knife from your mad wench, and cut the rope. I ought to have been well on my way to Newhaven long ago." He saw that Zone was hesitating, and in his nervous anxiety he bit at the rope round his wrists, and struggled until it almost cut into his flesh.

The shepherd stood helpless and stupefied. The first fear of his daughter's utter madness had taken possession of his senses; but as he looked at her, and noticed her calmness, a new idea came into his mind. Evidently, she knew what she was about. Had Quaife been trying to rob him, and had the girl discovered it in time? There was not much to lose in his poor cottage, but enough to tempt a ne'er-do-well like Quaife. "What made you do this?" he asked the girl.

"Come on, John Zone," the prisoner burst out feverishly, "she doesn't know what she's doing. Cut this cursed rope, and I'll say no more about it. The gal is not responsible for anything she does. Only look sharp, man. If you'd ha' been tied up here like a hog all these hours, you'd be ready to be cast off by now. So look alive."

As John Zone moved forward to obey him, his daughter stood in his way and caught him by the arm. Her cool manner and her deliberate words made him pause in a moment.

"You must not let him go, father," said she. "The police must come; if you

undo that rope now, he will murder you — the same as he killed my mother!"

The shepherd fell back as if he had received a heavy blow.

"He — Joel Quaife — killed your mother?"

"She lies!" hissed out Quaife; but his lips were white and parched, and a horrible fear once more entered into his heart. "If you keep me here much longer, it will not be *me* that the police will want, but *you*, John Zone! You shall pay for this as sure as you're born. I never see the gal or her mother afore, and don't want to see 'em again.

"Go to Lewes, father," said the girl, in the same quiet tones which had overawed the old shepherd, "and tell the police what I have done, and ask them to come up here. I saw this man come out of the barn the night my mother was killed. I was only a child then, but I recollect it. What happened to me, father?" She put her hand upon her father's arm, and looked earnestly into his face, as if to read the mystery which was hidden from her. "Have I been ill? I remember all that happened that night — the man there; my poor mother lying bleeding; the knife on the ground. Then I felt something break in my head, and the hills all turned round, and since that I cannot recollect anything, till last night. Have I been away, father? Is it long ago since that night? The man there — I see him just the same as he was when mother died. He came over the hill in the evening, after she got back with your wages. It was bitter cold, snow was comin' on, and mother went into the barn for some wood. This man was watching her from the thick furze — I saw it all, though I did not know what it meant. I saw him go into the barn, and afterwards I heard mother scream. I ran and looked in, and mother was lyin' down, and then this man ran past me, and threw down a knife. I picked it up, and went in to see what was the matter with mother, but I could not make her hear me. See, there are two letters on the handle of the knife — J. Q. I never told anybody where I found it, but there's many who know it to be Joel Quaife's. Twenty in the village can prove it to be his'n. So now let the police settle with him. Ask him if he did it? He will not deny it when all the people come before the judge." The girl leaned over Quaife as she spoke, with the knife outstretched, and glared at him with a look that made him shudder.

"It's his knife, sure enough," said the

shepherd. "I remember it well, for I've borrowed it off him before now."

"She stole it out of my pocket a few minutes before you came in," said Quaife desperately. "Come and uncut the rope with it, and don't be a fool."

"Not just yet," replied the shepherd slowly. "There may be something in what the gal says. Anyhow, she's got the knife, and some one else ought to hear her story. I shall just do as she says, and go and tell the police. But suppose he gets loose while I'm away?" He turned to the girl as he said this.

"No fear," said she, with a hard laugh. "And, if he did, you forget I have this!" She held the knife up as she spoke, and Quaife fell back in silence. He seemed to have made up his mind to give up the struggle, and the shepherd was far on his road before he knew that he was gone.

## VI.

"WE'VE suspected Master Joel all along," said the superintendent, when he had heard John Zone's story; "but we hadn't much to lay hold of, except something that was said long after by a woman he had lodged with. She dropped a few hints about this and that, but she was generally drunk, and her story would not have been believed without anything else at the back of it. She went away from these parts, but I rather think I can lay my hands upon her. Didn't they say Quaife was dead?"

"Everybody believed it," replied a policeman, who had known Quaife well.

"I've heard it dozens of times," struck in Zone; "he died about six years ago. That was what folks said, and I donno as it isn't true."

"But I thought you said he was up at your barn now?"

"Well, so he be," replied the shepherd, half doubting the reality of all he had seen and heard during the past twelve hours; "or else it is some one as might pass for him. My darter found it all out; she has come back to her senses all at once. At first I thought the person as came to my cottage was a ghost, though they do tell as there be no such things any more. I reckon you couldn't tie a ghost up with a rope to a stall, and hold him there all night?"

"I never heard of it being done," said the superintendent gravely.

"That's what my darter did. She is main strong in the wrist, pretty much what her mother was at her age. Joel

Quaife is the only one that's mad up there now, 'cardin' to my opinion."

"Well, if the girl can tell her story straight, I wouldn't give much for that fellow's chances," murmured the superintendent, as he slipped on his great-coat. "There's a good deal of other evidence that would help, though it mightn't have been enough without this. Come along, Zone. I'll go with you myself." He whispered an order to one of his men, and in a few minutes the dog-cart was bowling swiftly towards the Downs.

"Never walk when you can ride," said the superintendent to the shepherd, who now began to think there must be something in his daughter's story, or why should so clever a man as the superintendent put himself out of the way about it? "I suppose you don't often see a four-in-hand up your part of the world? Well, never mind, we'll go as far as we can with this trap, and see what happens."

#### VII.

BARBARA ZONE stood on the summit of the Downs, with her face turned in the direction of the town to which her prisoner had been taken a few weeks before. Her eyes were strained as though she expected to see some one in the far distance, but the clouds were dark and lowering, and even the valley below was hidden. Little by little, a damp white mist gradually crept up the sides of the hill, and stretched its cold and clammy fingers over the edges of the combs—a ghost-like mist, which seemed as if it had power to blot life and sunshine out of the world. The girl stood watching it, until it reached the Downs, and completely enshrouded her form. Then she stood rigid, motionless, listening intently, her whole being absorbed in that one act of listening. Suddenly her eyes flashed, and a wild gleam of exultation passed across her face. Through the mist and over the valley there came the sound for which she had been waiting—the dull and mournful tolling of the prison bell, counting out at each heavy stroke the fast ebbing moments of the life of Joel Quaife.

L. J. JENNINGS.

From Temple Bar.

#### RECREATIONS OF A DOMINICAN PREACHER.

It is seldom the outside public are permitted to get such an interesting peep at the private life of the cloister as is, perhaps  
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unconsciously, afforded in the two volumes which narrate the life and doings of the celebrated Dominican Father Tom Burke, the Irish Massillon, the friend of Longfellow, and the antagonist of Mr. Froude.

Father Burke was born in Galway in the year 1830. His mother was a woman devotedly attached to the performance of religious duties and entirely destitute of humor. His father on the contrary loved a good song, told a good story, and enjoyed a good joke. It was from his father then that Burke inherited his comic vein. To him the son owed its development in spite of the reproaches of the good woman who frequently assured her husband that his want of decorum would be the ruin of his child.

The boy as he grew up exhibited a playful disposition, and was given to playing practical jokes upon his friends and acquaintances, and even upon his parents. He would imitate a well-known ballad singer so accurately as to extract a charitable coin from his father. Sometimes when Mrs. Burke happened to call her husband from another room the youth, mimicking his father's voice, would answer for him and contrive to introduce some pert remark which could hardly fail to rouse retorts. Still personating his father he would call out from the head of the stairs some protest against an imaginary act, the more irritating because undeserved. One word would lead to another, a matrimonial quarrel would be the inevitable result, till at last, breaking down in laughter, the perpetrator of the joke would be revealed to his astonished parent.

The lad did not always escape the consequences of his fun. On one occasion, being detected in a prank at the expense of the clergy, his mother brought him into an inner room, where, locking the door, she knelt down and repeated the prayer, "Direct, O Lord, our actions, etc.," after which she administered a sound thrashing. In after years Burke said, "When I saw my mother enter the room, make the sign of the cross, and solemnly invoke the Holy Ghost to direct her, I knew I could expect no mercy. I never got such a beating as that one directed by the Holy Spirit, and I have never forgotten it."

When seventeen years of age young Burke made up his mind to enter the Church, and fixed on the order of St. Dominic as that to which he would belong. He left Ireland in 1847 to study in Perugia, in the very convent of the founder of the order. Here he remained four years,

and exhibited such marked promise that the young man was sent to England as novice master to a small community established at Woodchester. The Italian fathers, preparatory to his start for England, rigged him out in second-hand clothes from the Ghetto, so that he looked more like a smuggler than a friar. To this was added a long Roman hat, like a capsized canoe, which the general of the order urged him to wear, but which Burke exchanged at Paris for a jockey-cap, that being the cheapest head-gear procurable.

The once high-spirited youth arrived in London, but how changed! His spirit was so crushed by the rigor and merciless severity of the cloister that he accosted the porter at Paddington station with the same deference which he would have used towards his superior, and presented so abject a figure of wretchedness that the porter thrust a hunch of bread and a piece of herring under his nose, saying, "Here, poor devil, take that!"

For the first twelve months succeeding his monastic training Burke was never seen to smile.

The routine of a Dominican convent is somewhat as follows: matins, 4-5 A.M.; contemplation 5-6; Angelus Domini, 6 (repeated at 12 noon and 6 P.M.); mass, 6.45; collation, 7.15. From bedtime till after mass next day profound silence reigns, which it is a grave fault to break. Simple silence is observed till after dinner at 12.30. After dinner converse is allowed till vespers at 1.30 P.M. Study or instruction is then resumed, ending generally with a walk. Then come compline, rosary, and benediction. In some convents meat is altogether excluded, and during dinner only one friar is allowed to talk. The Dominican fast lasts for seven months, during which period only four ounces of dry bread are allowed for the morning collation, but a good dinner is permitted to atone for this enforced abstinence. At Woodchester the prior had peculiar ideas as to what should be regarded as a good dinner. He laid in a stock of salt herrings, which he purchased by the cask. This was varied by a present of a keg of mullets which were in a semi-putrid state, and which after a strong remonstrance from the new novice master received funeral honors in the convent garden.

The great object aimed at by the rule of St. Dominic is the development of humility, and the prior tested the progress of his novices in this valuable virtue by imposing upon them the most menial

tasks. Some would be sent to clean out the cells, or perhaps the church. One day Burke directed a novice to go to Brother Dalmatius (commonly called Brother Damnation) for the broom. The messenger returned with the reply that the lay brother was using the broom. The envoy from Perugia told the novice to go again, and a second time he returned without the broom. "What does he say?" inquired Burke. "He says he will give it to you about the back," was the reply. A complaint was lodged with the vicar, and Dalmatius was summoned before his august presence. "Did you say that?" "Yes, father." After a long pause: "Did you mean it?" "No, father." "There, Brother Thomas, are you now satisfied?" And Brother Thomas was satisfied, and the parties dispersed, lost in admiration of the vicar's wisdom.

Between the vicar and the novice master the lives of the inmates must have been truly wretched. The vicar was rigid to a degree as to abstinence, but was not in favor of corporal punishment. Burke, on the other hand, whilst willing to give more generous food, was unreasonable as a flogger and scourger. The law of scourging he laid down not only theoretically but practically, and insisted on its public practice whenever he presided in chapter. Nor did he desist from its public practice till the understanding was established that the disciplines should be taken three times a week in private.

Every opportunity was taken to make the students humble. It is a habit in the cloister to drop very disparaging remarks hurtful to the feelings of those who cannot resent the unkindness. This is looked upon as teaching humility. Burke, however, had not it always his own way. There happened to be amongst his pupils an English convert of high attainments, who on his superior enforcing obedience to any mandate or instruction invariably responded "Haw." Burke often confessed he would rather receive a torrent of Irish abuse than hear that simple monosyllable. Many years later, when at the height of his fame, and justly regarded as the most eloquent preacher of the Roman Catholic Church, a Dominican states he had seen the distinguished friar for some trivial fault compelled to kiss the feet of his novices, and afterwards eat his dinner on his knees in the midst of the refectory, his plate resting on the seat of a chair, the convent cat eating out of the plate also.

From Woodchester Burke was summoned to undertake the charge of a new



Dominican establishment at Tallaght, seven miles from Dublin, at the foot of the Dublin Mountains. In this lovely spot he had leisure not only to lay up a store of learning, but to cultivate his gifts of speech. It was not till four years afterwards, towards the close of 1859, that the sermon was delivered which made the preacher famous. The occasion was the opening of a new organ at St. Mary's, Sandymount. A popular Dominican was asked to occupy the pulpit, but at the last moment was unable to attend, much to the disappointment of the parish priest. He had promised however to provide a substitute, and on the appointed Sunday morning a tall, unprepossessing young man appeared with a singularly vacant and stupid expression of countenance, which Burke assumed through a spirit of wag-gery. The assembled clergy were horrified, but nothing could be done. The preacher ascended the pulpit, his manner and countenance changed, the clergy were lost in surprise. A sermon was delivered on the connection between art and the genius of the Catholic Church, the fame of which ran like wildfire and attracted attention even in France. From that day Burke was ranked as one of the greatest of pulpit orators, and in his own style without a rival amongst Roman Catholic preachers.

What gave Burke his peculiar charm, especially with the audiences that thronged to hear him both in this country and in America, was his marvellous dramatic power. When in Rome his Lenten discourses were attended by strangers who could not understand a single word of English, but who were impressed nevertheless by his wonderful action, or rather acting, in the sense of the word used by Demosthenes. He was such a master of this difficult art that on one occasion in the midst of friends he undertook to preach a sensational sermon without uttering a word. His face, expressive of suitable emotions, aided by the movement of his eyes, at one moment was darkened by furrowed lines, the next instant seemed lit up with seraphic beauty. His imposing attitudes and gestures defied description. One unspoken sentiment was strengthened by pointing tragically down, another by outstretched hands and eyes raised to heaven.

The mastery of voice and features exhibited by Burke was almost miraculous. In his student days whenever he got a copy of *Punch* he employed his vacant moments in endeavoring, by means of a

looking-glass, to work his features into the form of some comic portrait which adorned its pages. When in Rome he would spend hours in the Vatican with a friend, imitating the pose of the statues in the great sculpture galleries. At one moment he was the Dying Gladiator, the next a Sphinx, drawing over his head the white hood of his habit, sometimes a Burmese idol, erect, impassive, with legs crossed in a way which would have puzzled an athlete to imitate. The ancient statues of the fauns and satyrs and other mythological monstrosities had a strong attraction for him. He would pause and grin, and produce with his own features a facsimile of the figure before him. On one occasion he stood for a long time before the Laocoön, and looking round found there was no one in sight. "I'll try him," he said to a friend. And in a twinkling there was the Laocoön in flesh and blood; the strength of the terrible struggle, the despair, and the agony displayed in the realistic effort of the Dominican. "Is that like him?" he cried, almost breathless.

At that moment a party of ladies and gentlemen appeared, gazing in amazement, now at the statue, and then at its imitation. Completely taken aback, Burke could only articulate, "I was trying my hand at the statue," as a kind of explanation, and disappeared as quickly as he could.

Towards the end of his career, whilst conducting a mission in London, the erection which occupies the site of Temple Bar took his fancy. He studied closely the monumental griffin, and on his return home that evening, with the aid of a stick produced a perfect imitation of that very peculiar figure. An ecclesiastical architect was so much struck with Burke's grotesque imitations that he offered him great inducements if he would give him a few sittings for these faces and figures to ornament a grand Gothic church he was about to undertake. The Dominican was greatly tickled with the idea, and at the possibility of being one day on the steps of the altar of that very church confronted with a distorted stony self gaping at him from the capital of a neighboring column. "I wish to be a pillar of the Church," he replied, laughing. "You want to make me only a grinning gargoye."

Burke was equally successful with living subjects. Whilst a novice at Perugia several Dominicans arrived from Luconia in the Philippine Islands. One day the young student yellowed his face, donned a fez, and addressed them in a gibberish

with which he mingled words he had picked up from their own conversation. The visitors were puzzled, and at last said, when unable to answer him, that he must have come from some unknown island of the Philippine group.

More daring, however, was his successful attempt to pass himself off as an Eastern prelate during the session of the Vatican Council. A large number of eminent ecclesiastics were the guests of an English Roman Catholic, and amongst them a number of Oriental bishops. A suite of apartments was arranged for the latter, as far as possible after the fashion of their own clime. There was a divan well cushioned, and an abundant supply of aromatic coffee and delicious tobacco. The prelates sat cross-legged on luxurious cushions, and sipped their coffee in solemn silence as clouds of smoke arose to the gilded ceiling. Burke was with the English guests, and a mysterious door covered with baize attracted his notice, more especially as the fragrance of tobacco accompanied its opening and closing. He opened the door, peeped in, and seeing some Eastern garments hanging quite close, he slipped them over his shoulders and, making a profound salaam, sat down cross-legged, and joined the company in their devotion to the heavenly havanna. Towards the end of the evening the host and his European guests paid a visit to the Orientals and conversed with them. Burke carried on a conversation with several who were his intimate friends without being detected, till at last an Irish bishop, after much study, cried:—

"Why, Father Tom, is that you? What brought you here?"

"Well, my lord," said Burke, "there was plenty of tobacco and coffee to be enjoyed here, and I saw no reason why these good things should be resigned by a Western, and I wanted also to show that there are wise men in the West as well as in the East."

Burke's popularity as a preacher was unbounded. He never spared himself in promoting a good work, such as building a chapel, procuring funds for a charity, or helping some religious community to wipe out a debt which pressed unduly upon them and hampered their usefulness. His eloquence thronged the churches where he appeared to such an extent that standing-room could not be got. As a car-driver put it, "Bedad the church is full within and without."

A ludicrous incident occurred at Kilmarnock Cathedral in the presence of Lord

Kenmare and all the local magnates. Burke was preaching for the Presentation Brothers' schools, and his sermon reached an unusual length. The brothers, anxious only for a good collection, began rattling the tin plates as a hint to the preacher to stop; the bishop, Dr. Moriarty, frowned from his throne, and the noise ceased. The portly prior advanced from his stall and took up his position in front of the pulpit, full in the view of all present except Burke. The preacher was just then expatiating on the zeal of the brothers. He pictured forth the pale, ascetic monk, his emaciated frame bearing evidence of his fastings and vigils. He was surprised to find the audience were smiling. He tried to be more impressive, and again reverted to the mortified and over-worked monk. The audience could hardly contain their merriment. There in front of them was the rotund figure, the broad, jolly face of the prior, beaming like a full moon, visible to all but the preacher, and fully enjoying the beautiful description of the ascetic monk. Greatly disconcerted, the preacher concluded as quickly as he could, and it is but right to mention the collection did not disappoint the fraternity.

Whilst prior of Tallaght, Burke enjoyed the intimate friendship of Cardinal Cullen. "Come up here, Father Tom, and tell some of your funny stories," was the usual invitation after dinner. He would give imitations of some Italian priests who had become popular as preachers in Dublin. His first move was to cast the folds of his robe with demonstrative vigor over the left shoulder, and then in broken English proceed to lecture the faithful. With upraised finger he warned them to avoid "otiosity," to become "tinkers" (thinkers), and to remember that "without faith (faith) you cannot be shaved (saved)," concluding each section of his homily, which seemed to be teaching how to avoid the doom of sin, with the words, "You be da-a-mned," uttered in low, earnest tones. Some of their mistakes were ludicrous. One Italian spoke of Lazarus as reposing in Abraham's womb, and another constantly referred to the whale in Jonah's belly.

For many years no banquet took place at the archiepiscopal residence which Burke was not asked to enliven, his pictures of Italian low life being greatly relished by the cardinal. The quack dentist from Tuscany who with falsetto voice and bray of trumpet drove down the Piazza di San Agnesi at Rome, the man playing the mandoline, the improvisatore, and finally

the Roman barber, were standing dishes. The great piece of acting was a series of imitations of a well-known mendicant family often heard in the streets of the Eternal City. The voices of the father, mother, and daughter, the latter a real alto, were faithfully given, accompanied by the twang of the three distinct instruments they played, so that one could almost believe that three several persons were engaged in giving the performance. Another favorite scene was that of a troubadour serenading his love. Near the Convent of Perugia lived a Juliet who was frequently brought to her casement by the "Com' è gentil" of some love-sick swain. It was rich to see Burke at an assembly of clerics lean back in his chair and strike up on a tongs, if no guitar was at hand, a tum-tum accompaniment to his burst of passionate melody.

He possessed a tenor voice of much power and compass. Many a night when tired out he would stay till a late hour singing the "Melodies" or choice English songs. "Tom Bowling" was a favorite, also "Drink to me only with thine eyes," "My mother bids me bind my hair," and "What are the wild waves saying?" In a lecture on English music which he delivered in Liverpool a vocalist sang "The Death of Nelson." The lecturer resumed by saying he doubted whether England ought to be more proud of her Nelson or of the bard who perpetuated his name in song.

During the visit of Cardinal Franchi to Dublin a large assembly of prelates and priests was gathered together by Cardinal Cullen. After dinner Burke began mimicking the pulpit oratory of an English cardinal and other distinguished preachers. One prelate thought the mirth too uproarious for the grave-looking Italian, and gave a hint that the proceeding should be stopped, which it was. Next evening the two cardinals with a large company were entertained by a Dublin gentleman. In the drawing-room Burke gave his fun and fancy full reign. Cardinal Franchi, who had now come to understand him, screamed with laughter at his performance. "What is that you are doing with the handkerchief?" enquired Cardinal Cullen, sidling up to the group. The fact was Burke had twisted his white handkerchief round two fingers and the thumb of his right hand, forming a preacher with expressive action, the whole surmounted by a miniature mitre, while Cullen's voice and bows were given to perfection. Cardinal Franchi and the Dominican, when-

ever they met, lived in cloud-land, both being inveterate smokers.

It must not be supposed that Father Burke's merits as a preacher were overlooked by his superiors, though he lived and died a simple friar. Bishoprics and archbishoprics were offered to him in vain. It was his ambition to be a preacher and nothing else. Perhaps he thought also that he lacked the dignity which high ecclesiastical rank would require. Be that as it may, he refused to have his name put forward for the bishopric of Galway, his native town. When requested to become coadjutor archbishop of the port of Spain with jurisdiction over the West Indian Islands his reply was, "I would prefer Irish stew to a Turkish bath." During the Vatican Council an effort was made to persuade Burke to accept the coadjutor archbishopric of San Francisco, but in vain. That the celebrated preacher remained to the end of his days neither more nor less than the most insignificant member of his order is due entirely to his own wish.

For one who possessed unlimited powers of expression united to comic perceptions, very few *mots* are recorded of him.

A candidate for orders was directed to preach before him and his students, and the opinion of those present was invited on the performance. "It is all in Hay," said one, referring to a well-known volume of sermons. "Whether it is Hay or not," replied Burke sharply, "it is long before you would be able to make a *suggawn* (Irish for a hay-rope) out of it."

A friend of his, Father Towers, was a person of imposing rotundity of form. Both travelling together by train, an American tourist, pointing to an object of archæological interest, inquired what it was. "That is one of the round towers of Ireland," replied Burke; "and here is another," said he, pointing to his companion.

An exquisite to whom he had been introduced described his mother as being so delicate that she was obliged to live on jelly and champagne. "I have a mother," said Burke, "who lives on snuff and aspirations."

A severe operation was about to be performed on Burke for the cure of an internal cancer. When the surgeon reached the seat of the disease it was suggested that his confessor should be sent for. "It is not necessary," was the reply; "he has known my *interior* for years. Besides, there is an axiom in theology, 'Ecclesia non judicat de internis!'"

A Dublin Capuchin named Father Ashe, a man who had a high opinion of himself, remarked to Father Burke that he would end his course with joy if his remains should be consigned to the catacomb of his order in Rome. "Not much fear of that," replied the Dominican; "they will never make an *Ashe*-pit of it."

Previous to a visit to Lisdoonvarna Father Burke conducted a retreat for the clergy of a western diocese. In one of his discourses he drew a picture of a curate, who, yielding to some hospitable host, was led to indulge more than once in a "second tumbler." "Cases of that sort," he added, "generally wind up with a trip to Lisdoonvarna." Lisdoonvarna is a well-known health-resort in the north of the county Clare, and is connected with a small port on Galway Bay by a circuitous path called the Corkscrew Road. The homeliness of the remark with regard to intemperance made a deep impression on the hearers. When the retreat was over, and some of the clergy took their usual holiday at their usual resort, what was their surprise to find Burke there before them. "What!" said they, "*you* of all men to be here!" accompanied with looks of triumph at the seemingly disconcerted preacher. "Oh," replied Burke, "you mistake me. I only alluded to those who come by the *Corkscrew Road*."

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From The Sunday Magazine.  
QUEEN LOUISE.

BY MRS. FRANCIS G. FAITHFULL.

THERE is at Paretz, near Potsdam, a flower-bordered walk leading from a grotto overlooking the Havel to an iron gate, above which is inscribed "May 20, 1810," and the letter "L." Within the grotto an iron table bears in golden characters, "Remember the absent."

These words were engraved by order of Friedrich Wilhelm III. of Prussia; and the "absent" he would have remembered—"the star of his life, who had lighted him so truly on his darkened way"—was the wife who died of a broken heart before reaching middle age.

Louise Augusta Wilhelmina, third daughter of Duke Charles of Mecklenburg Strelitz, was born on the 10th of March, 1776, in the city of Hanover. Her mother died when she was six years old, and henceforth she and her sister Frederica lived with their grandmother, the landgra-

vine of Darmstadt, sometimes at the Burg-freiheit Palace, sometimes at a chateau in the Herrengarten, surrounded by formal gardens and orangeries. The girls were brought up simply, making their own clothes, and going much among the poor. Now and then they made expeditions to Strasbourg or the Vosges Mountains; and, when the emperor Leopold was crowned at Frankfort, the Frau von Goethe housed them hospitably, and was highly entertained by the glee with which they worked a quaint sculptured pump in her courtyard.

Two years later the advance of French troops compelled them to seek refuge with their eldest sister, the reigning duchess of Hildburghausen; and on their homeward way they visited the Prussian headquarters, that the landgravine might present them to the king. His sons were with him, and long afterwards the crown-prince told a friend, "I felt when I saw her, 'tis she or none on earth."

The wooing was short. On April 24th, 1793, he exchanged betrothal rings with Louise, and then rejoined his regiment. Soon after, the princesses of Mecklenburg went over to the camp, Louise appearing "a heavenly vision" in the eyes of Goethe, who saw her there.

In the December of that same year Berlin, gay with flags and ablaze with colored lamps, welcomed Duke Charles and his daughters; and on Christmas eve the diamond crown of the Hohenzollerns was placed on her fair head, and in her glistening silver robe she took part in the solemn torch procession round the White Saloon.

Then her young husband took her home to their palace in the Unter den Linden. They were very happy. In the sunshine of his wife's presence the prince's spirit, crushed in childhood by a harsh tutor, soon revived, while Louise, though the darling of the court, was always most content when alone with him.

"Thank God! you are my wife again," he exclaimed one day, when she had laid aside her jewels.

"Am I not always your wife?" she asked laughingly.

"Alas! no; too often you can only be the crown-princess."

The king never wearied of showering kindnesses on his "princess of princesses." On her eighteenth birthday he asked if she desired anything he could give.

"A handful of gold for the Berlin poor," was the prompt petition.

"And how large a handful would the birthday child like?"

"As large as the heart of the kindest of kings."

The Castle of Charlottenberg, one of his many gifts to the young pair, proving too splendid for their simple tastes, he bought for them the Manor of Paretz, about two miles from Potsdam. There Louise busied herself with household affairs, while her husband gardened, strolled over his fields, or inspected his farm stock. They played and sang together, or read Shakespeare and Goethe, while to complete this home life came two baby boys: Fritz, born in October, 1795, and Friedrich Wilhelm, in March, 1797.

Some one once asked Louise if this country existence was not rather dull.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed; "I am quite happy as the worthy lady of Paretz."

But in the late autumn of 1797 the king died, and the quiet freedom of Paretz had to be exchanged for the restraints of court life. Little as either of the two desired regal pomp, they played their new parts well. Friedrich Wilhelm, stately in bearing, and acknowledged as the handsomest man in his realm, looked every inch a king; and if his laconic speech and caustic criticisms sometimes gave offence, the winning gentleness of his beautiful wife more than made amends. Nobles and citizens, statesmen, soldiers, and savants were alike made welcome; and Louise knew instinctively how to make each show at his best. With eager interest she discussed Pestalozzi's ideas with his disciples; and when Gotlob Hiller, the poet-son of a miner, was presented to her she led him aside, and by the friendly ease with which she talked of things familiar to him, speedily banished his shyness. Indeed, ready as she was to recognize high gifts and to learn from all able to teach, yet it was to the obscure and suffering that her tones were most soft and gracious. Even in trifles her thoughtfulness was un-failing. When a count and a shoemaker were announced at the same moment, she gave audience first to the shoemaker. "For time is more valuable to him."

At Dantzic she constantly wore an amber necklace, because it had been the gift of the townsfolk. The voice which in childhood had pleaded for the panting footman running beside her grandmother's coach might still be heard interceding, for when the royal carriage was overturned near Warsaw, and the oberk of Messterin rated the servants, Louise interposed: "We are not hurt, and our people have assuredly been more alarmed than we."

Sometimes the midday meal was spread beneath a forest tree, and from far and near the peasants flocked to get "even a glimpse of her lovely face." They followed in crowds while she and the king climbed the Schneekoppe on foot, but loyal shouts died into awed silence when, at the summit, Friedrich Wilhelm bared his head, and the two standing side by side gazed at the glorious view. "That was one of the most blessed moments of my life," Louise said afterwards; "we seemed lifted above this earth and nearer our God."

They entered the mines at Woldenberg by a swift-flowing stream, and twenty years afterwards the steersman of their boat was fond of telling how, in the dark cavern—"The Foxes' Hole"—he saw her well by the torchlight. "In all my life I never saw such a face. She looked grand, as a queen should look, but gentle as a child. She gave me with her own hands two Holland ducats. My wife wears them when she goes to church, for what she touched is holy."

One lovely summer evening the whole family were gathered under a great oak on the Pfannen-insel to hear Bishop Eylert preach on the story of Ruth. The sermon was ended, but the king and queen still sat listening to the band playing a chorale set to the hymn, "In all my doings I ask counsel of the Most High." The setting sun lighted the western sky, the moon was up. Suddenly the king rose, and pressing his wife's shoulder, said low, "It shall be so, dear Louise; I and my house will serve the Lord."

He moved away to a copse by the river, leaving the queen and bishop alone together. "I am very happy," she said simply, "and most happy because in religion I am in perfect sympathy with the king. I have grown better through him. I think he is the best man, the best Christian on earth;" and then, with tearful eyes, she repeated, "as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. I am very happy." And yet she must have had some foreboding of the troubled days at hand. She must have divined the cares haunting her husband even here, while he wandered, book in hand, across the quiet lawns of their island home.

Louise had never meddled in foreign politics. She had been, she designed to be, only the *Landesmutter*, and even when the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, seized on Prussian soil, aroused in Berlin a storm of indignation, in which she fully shared, she yet sympathized in the mental distress which found vent in her husband's



often-repeated words, "I cannot decide for war."

At last he did decide. In October, 1805, Napoleon ordered Bernadotte to march his army corps through Anspach. This contemptuous comment on Prussia's ten-years' forbearance was too much for the king's pride. Armies were raised in Franconia, Saxony, Westphalia, and while the excitement was at fever point the czar came to Berlin. All his rare charm of manner was brought to bear, and at midnight, in the presence of Louise, the two monarchs, standing with clasped hands beside the tomb of the great Friedrich, solemnly pledged themselves to a close alliance.

Alexander departed to lead his Russians to Moravia, and Friedrich Wilhelm despatched a protest to the French camp; but the envoy, Haugwitz, arriving on the eve of Austerlitz, waited the issue of the battle, and then, withholding his packet, proposed to the victor a fresh treaty with Prussia. There was wrath in Berlin when his doings became known. The king at first disowned the disgraceful compact, but Austerlitz had just taught him what Napoleon's enemies might expect. French troops were already massing on his frontier, and in an evil hour he broke faith with the czar!

To Louise, who neither feared foe nor deserted friend, that was a bitter time, doubly sad, indeed, since most of the long winter was spent by the dying bed of her youngest child. When she lost him her own strength broke down, and the doctors ordered her away to drink the Pyrmont waters. In the late summer she was able to rejoin her husband, and he had startling news to tell, for war with France was close at hand.

Since Haugwitz's fatal agreement Napoleon had heaped injuries on Prussia. Now, at least, king and people were of one mind. The young Prussian officers sharpened their swords on the French ambassador's window-sills, patriotic songs were hailed with thunders of applause in street and theatre, and when the queen, clad in the uniform of her own huzzars, rode at their head through the city she was greeted with passionate loyalty.

Unhappily, Friedrich Wilhelm, hitherto too tardy, was now too precipitate. He had been passive while France crushed Austria, and Austria, suspicious and disabled, neither could nor would assist him. Russia, with better reason for distrust, responded generously to his appeal, but he did not wait for her promised aid.

For all his haste, Napoleon, with one

hundred and eighty thousand men, was nearing the Thuringian Forest before the Prussian troops left Berlin. They were very confident, those Prussian troops, and the shouting multitudes who watched the well-trained artillery and cavalry defiling by hardly dreamt of disaster; yet it came almost at once. The Saxon corps led by the king's cousin, Prince Louis, pushing on too fast, was surprised and surrounded, and the gallant young commander, the queen's dear friend, the idol of the army, fell while rallying his men.

Louise, who had hurriedly joined the king from Weimar, could hardly be persuaded to leave him, but on the evening of October the 13th he confided her to a cavalry escort, promising speedy tidings of the coming battle. As she threaded the lonely passes of the Hartz Mountains she heard the distant cannonading, and a broken sentence now and again fell from her lips: "We know that all things work together for good." Late in the misty October twilight she drove into Brunswick. At Brandenburg a courier brought the news her trembling heart awaited. All was lost! Twenty thousand Prussians lay on the fields of Auerstadt and Jena, and the French were already in Weimar. The king was alive, but two horses had been killed under him. Grief-stricken, travel-worn as she was, Louise must not halt. Before she reached Berlin her children had been sent to Schwedt-on-Oder. She followed thither, almost terrifying them by her changed, despairing looks. As soon as she could check her weeping, she told her boys all she knew about Prince Louis's death.

"Do not only grieve for him. Be ready for Prussia's sake to meet death as he met it," and then, in burning, never-forgotten words, she bade them one day free their country and break the power of France.

The king lingered awhile in Magdeburg, hoping against hope that his broken forces might hold out within its walls till Russian allies and fresh Prussian levies should arrive. But Auerstadt and Jena were beyond retrieval. The Duke of Brunswick and four other generals were dead or dying. The fugitives from the two battles, crossing each other in the darkness, had become hopelessly intermingled, and Napoleon was kinging it in Friedrich Wilhelm's own palace despite the helpless rage of the Berlineses.

For Friedrich Wilhelm himself there was nothing to do but to follow his wife to Custrin. Bad news came to them every day. Prentzlow surrendered. Magdeburg

with its garrison of twenty-two thousand opened its gates to a force of ten thousand. Fortress after fortress fell without firing a shot. There seemed only a choice between utter destruction and utter submission, and yet when Napoleon demanded the cession of almost the whole kingdom, Friedrich Wilhelm and his wife agreed that "only determined resistance can save us."

She was slowly rallying at Königsberg from a fever caught in the crowded city, when the cry was raised of the coming French. Propped by pillows, swathed in shawls, she drove through blinding sleet to Memel, the one fortress still left to the king. At her first halting place the wind whistled in through a broken window, and the melting snow dripped from the roof on to her bed. Her companions trembled for her, but she, calm and trustful, hailed as a good omen the sunshine which welcomed them within the walls of Memel.

A week later, Benningsen and his Russians, who had been wading knee-deep through Polish forests and fording swollen streams, always with ninety thousand Frenchmen in hot pursuit, turned to bay amid the frozen lakes and drifted snows of Eylau. Next day those snows for miles around were red with blood.

It was hard to tell with whom the costly victory lay, but Napoleon despatched Bertram to the Russian outposts to propose an armistice, and Benningsen sent him on to Memel, reminding the Prussian king that it could not be their interest to grant what it was Napoleon's interest to ask. The terms were, indeed, far easier than those offered after June; but Friedrich Wilhelm, true to the ally who had held the field almost single-handed through that terrible winter, would make no separate agreement, nor did Louise receive more favorably a message to herself, conveying Napoleon's wish to pay his court to her in her own capital.

Though the piercing Baltic winds tried her strength greatly, she employed herself whenever able in reading and visiting the over-full hospitals. To a dear friend she said, "I can never be perfectly miserable while faith in God is open to me." "Only by patient perseverance," so she wrote to her father, "can we succeed. Sooner or later I know we shall do so."

It was not to be yet. On June 14, 1807, Napoleon annihilated the Russians at Friedland, and four days later Dantzic fell. Her tone grew sadder. "We are not yet bereft of peace. My great sorrow is being unable to hope."

As the czar could resist no longer and

Napoleon desired peace, they met at Tilsit, and there, on a covered raft moored midway in the Niemen, arranged the outlines of a treaty. The next day Friedrich Wilhelm, yielding to stern necessity, accepted terms "to the last degree hard and overwhelming."

The czar believing that Louise might move even Napoleon to clemency, her husband begged her to join him at Tilsit. On reading this summons she burst into tears declaring this the hardest task ever given her to do. "With my broken wing how can I succeed?" she pathetically asked.

Talleyrand, however, misdoubted the influence of her —

Whose charm the coldest zeal might warm  
The manliest firmness in the firmest form.

Napoleon paid his respects soon after her arrival, and they met at the stairhead. Louise, for Prussia's sake, forced herself to utter courteous regrets that he should have to mount so steep a staircase.

He answered blandly that no difficulties were feared when striving for a reward beyond. Then, touching her gauze robe, asked, "Is it *crêpe*?"

"Shall we speak of such trifles at such a time?" was her only reply.

He was silent; then demanded, "How could you make war on me?"

She told him that they had overrated their strength.

"And relying on the great Friedrich's fame you deceived yourselves."

Louise's clear eyes met his steadily.

"Sire, resting on the great Friedrich's fame, we might naturally deceive ourselves, if, indeed, we wholly did so."

Then she told him that she had come to entreat him to be generous to Prussia. He answered respectfully, but made no promise. Again, with exceeding earnestness, she implored at least for Magdeburg. Just then Friedrich Wilhelm entered, and Napoleon abruptly took leave.

"Sire," said Talleyrand warningly to him when they were alone, "shall posterity say that you threw away your great conquest for the sake of a lovely woman?"

Louise meanwhile dwelt again and again on Napoleon's words, "You ask a great deal, but I will think about it." Yet her heart was heavy, and when arrayed for the evening banquet in the splendid attire so long unworn, she likened herself sadly to the old German victims decked for sacrifice.

Napoleon, placing her at his right, talked garrulously.

Something was said of the ceded Prus-

sian provinces, and Friedrich Wilhelm observed gravely that it was hard to lose territories which were the cradle of his race.

The Corsican laughed carelessly. "The child grown to be a man has little time to remember his cradle."

"A mother's heart is the most lasting cradle," Louise adroitly interposed.

Napoleon offered her a rose. She hesitated, then said inquiringly, —

"With Magdeburg?"

The answer was discouraging. "I must point out to your Majesty that it is for me to beg, for you to accept or decline."

Yet perhaps he feared to be betrayed into compliance, for hardly had she departed than, summoning Talleyrand and the Russian ambassador, he signed the treaty.

One final effort Louise still made. As he led her to her carriage the next evening, she asked if it were indeed true that he would deny her the satisfaction of gratitude.

"Madam," he replied, "I lament that so it must be. It is my evil destiny."

"I have been cruelly deceived," she vehemently exclaimed, as she drove away.

They never met again, but Napoleon said of her afterwards, "I knew I should see a beautiful woman and dignified queen; I found the most interesting woman and admirable queen I had ever known."

The Treaty of Tilsit restored to Friedrich Wilhelm a fragment of his kingdom, but even this was to be held by the French till after the payment of a huge indemnity, Napoleon's threat that he would make the Prussian nobles beg their bread had hardly been a vain one, for the unhappy Prussians had to feed, lodge, and clothe every French soldier quartered in their land.

Dark as was the outlook, Louise was upheld by loving pride in her husband. "After Eylau he might have deserted a faithful ally. This he would not do. I believe his conduct will yet bring good fortune to Prussia."

To help forward that good fortune they sold most of the crown lands and the queen's jewels, and had the gold plate melted down. Amid their heavy anxieties and pains they were not wholly unhappy, these two, who loved each other so entirely.

"My Louise," the king said to her one day, "you have grown yet dearer to me in this time of trouble, for I more fully know the treasure I possess."

She, too, could write of him, "The king

is kinder to me than ever, a great joy and reward after a union of fourteen years." Still those about her told of sleepless nights when prayer was her only relief. Her eyes had lost their brightness, her cheeks were pale, her step languid.

By the Christmas of 1808 the last French soldier had quitted Prussian soil; but it was not deemed safe for the royal family to return at once to Berlin, and they spent the summer at Hufen, near Königsberg. Parents and children were constantly together, and the mother taught herself to believe that the sharp trials of those years would tell for good on her boys and girls. "If they had been reared in luxury and prosperity they might think that so it must always be."

By degrees hope revived. She found comfort in the 126th Psalm: "You hear in the distance the triumphant songs of the victors rising above the tumultuous waves of sorrow;" and the words of another Psalm were often on her lips: "When the Lord shall liberate the captive and the heavily burthened shall be released, then all will appear to us as if we had been dreamers."

It was not till the end of 1809 that the long dream ended and the exiles turned their faces homeward. They travelled slowly, for the queen was still feeble. Everywhere a glad welcome greeted them; and on December 23, the day on which, sixteen years before, she had entered the capital a girl-bride, Louise drove through its familiar streets in a carriage presented to her by the rejoicing citizens. Her father was waiting at the palace gate. He helped her to alight and led her in. Three years had gone by since she last crossed the threshold of her home, and what years they had been! Nor was the return all joy, for she knew and dreaded the changes she would find there. Napoleon and his generals had not departed empty-handed. They had stripped the rooms of paintings and statues, of manuscripts and antiquities.

As the doors closed a great shout arose from the vast crowd before the palace. Presently she appeared in the balcony, and all saw the traces of long anguish in the lovely face, now bright with grateful smiles.

After a solemn service in the Dom, the king and queen drove through the illuminated city to the opera-house. "The queen sat beside her husband" — so wrote Fouqué afterwards — "and as she talked she often raised her eyes to him with a very touching expression. . . . Our beloved queen has thanked us with tears.

Buonaparte has dimmed those heavenly eyes . . . and we must do all we can to make them sparkle again."

The bare walls, the empty cabinets of the palace accorded with the almost ascetic habits now maintained there. Self-denial was made easy by one belief, that Prussia would arise from her great suffering stronger than before. The king and queen were not left to work alone towards that high end. Able generals replaced those who, through treachery or faintheartedness, had surrendered the fortresses. Stein, now chief minister, curtailed the rights of the nobles, and gave the serfs an interest in guarding the soil they tilled; while Scharnhorst, by an ingenious evasion of Napoleon's edict limiting the Prussian army, contrived to have two hundred thousand men rapidly drilled and trained. The universities founded at Berlin and Breslau became the headquarters of secret societies for the deliverance of the Fatherland. Princes and professors, merchants ruined by the Berlin decrees, and peasants ground down by French exactions joined the *Jugendbund*, and implicitly obeyed the orders of its unseen heads. Through town and country spread that vast brotherhood, fired by the songs of Tieck and Arnim to live or die for Prussia.

And Louise watched thankfully the dawning promise of better days, "though, alas! we may die before they come."

Perhaps that sad presentiment haunted her husband too. If she jested with her children he would say wistfully, "The queen is quite herself to-day. What a blessing it will be if her mind recovers its joyous tone!"

That spring Louise was attacked by spasms of the heart. They did not last long, and when the court moved to Potsdam she seemed to regain strength, and showed much interest in discussing with Bishop Eylert how best to train her boys so that they might serve their country.

Before the war she had promised to visit her father, and it was thought now that the change might do her good. She started hopefully, and though the meeting with her aged grandmother proved too agitating, she had her usual bright welcome for her husband when he arrived a day or two later; and the same evening, sitting at her father's desk, she playfully wrote, "*Mon cher père. — Je suis bien heureuse aujourd'hui comme votre fille et comme l'épouse du meilleur des épouses. Louise, née Strelitz, ce 28 Juin, 1810.*" They were the last words she ever penned.

Though very weak she accompanied her family to Hohengieritz, the king perforce returning to Berlin. The loving eyes that watched her saw signs of amendment, but early on Monday, July 16, the spasms recurred. For hours no remedies availed. She could only gasp for "Air! air!" and when the sharp pain had passed lay exhausted, now murmuring a few words of some hymn learned as a child, faintly thanking God for each solace sent her, or entreating her grandmother to rest. No complaint passed her lips; she was only "very, very weary."

They told her that couriers had been despatched for the king, and she asked anxiously, "Will he soon come?" Before dawn he came, bringing the two elder boys. For those who tried to cheer him he had only one mournful reply. "If she were not mine she might recover." A gleam of joy lighted her pale face when he came to her bedside, but perceiving his emotion she asked, "Am I then so very ill?" Unable to reply he hurriedly left the room, and she said to those standing by, "His embrace was so wild, so fervent, that it seemed as though he would take leave of me. Tell him not to do that, or I shall die at once."

He returned bringing in the children.

"My Fritz! my Wilhelm!" She had only time for one long gaze, and then the agonizing pain came again. One of the doctors tried to raise her, but she sank back. "Only death can help me;" and as all watched in breathless silence she leaned her head against the shoulder of a faithful attendant, murmured "Lord Jesus, shorten it!" and with one deep-drawn breath passed away.

From *The Leisure Hour*.

#### DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

THE name of Dorothy Wordsworth is inseparably associated with that of her brother. What he owed to her self-denying affection, to her rare intellect, and to her profound love of nature, the poet has acknowledged in words as familiar as they are beautiful. This "beloved sister," at the most critical period of Wordsworth's early manhood, came to him with the "healing power" which his noble verse has given so largely to others —

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,  
And humble cares and delicate fears;  
A heart the fountain of sweet tears,  
And love, and thought, and joy.

Her influence was abiding. She had herself a poet's soul without his faculty of singing; and to her inspiring sympathy, expended without a thought of self, we are indebted for some of her brother's finest poems. Again and again she expressed the thought, which he uttered afterwards in song; and in prose as well as poetry Wordsworth used Dorothy's mind as if it were a portion of his own. She might have earned a literary reputation of no common order, but all her ambition was centred upon William, and her faith in his genius was unbounded.

Dorothy Wordsworth, the only sister of the poet, was born at Cockermouth in December, 1771, and, having lost both her parents in childhood, lived partly with a relative at Halifax, and partly under the care of her uncle, Dr. Cookson, a canon of Windsor, who, it is said, was a great favorite with the court. It was not until 1795, when a small legacy left Wordsworth free to follow his own wishes, and to dedicate his life to poetry, that the brother and sister, bent on "plain living and high thinking," kept house together on £70 a year. Their first home was at Racedown Lodge, in Dorsetshire, and there began the acquaintance with Coleridge, which speedily ripened into one of the most memorable friendships recorded in literature. Rich indeed was the poetical fruit which resulted from this intercourse. Coleridge was already a married man, but his "pensive Sara," a good woman, possessed of many admirable qualities, was not, at least in her husband's judgment, sufficiently intellectual to appreciate his genius. It is not surprising, therefore, that Dorothy Wordsworth's sensitive nature and perceptive intellect should have charmed the emotional poet. "She is," he wrote, "a woman indeed—in mind, I mean, and in heart; for her person is such that, if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty; but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly that who saw her would say, 'Guilt was a thing impossible with her.'"

In addressing this dear sister in the lines composed near Tintern Abbey, Wordsworth alludes to the shooting lights of her wild eyes, and De Quincey, who was struck by her great sensibility and ardor, also observes that her eyes were "wild and startling and hurried in their motion." In De Quincey's judgment Mrs. Wordsworth was very much more of a

lady than her sister-in-law, who "did not cultivate the graces that preside over the person and its carriage."

"On the other hand," he adds, "she was a person of very remarkable endowments intellectually. . . . The pulses of light were not more quick or more inevitable in their flow and undulation than were the answering and echoing movements of her sympathizing attention. Her knowledge of literature was irregular and thoroughly unsystematic. She was content to be ignorant of many things, but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her own most fervid heart."

In order to be nearer Coleridge, who then lived at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, the brother and sister removed to Alfoxden, three miles distant from that place. The house, which they took furnished, was a large mansion, standing in a park containing deer and commanding a beautiful prospect. There was an excellent garden, too, well stocked with fruit and vegetables; and how on an income of less than £100 a year the Wordsworths managed to secure such a country seat, Dorothy does not tell us. But we learn from the report of a visitor that it was hired for a trifle, and that an old woman living in an adjoining cottage attended to the wants of the inmates. It was a fruitful time for poetry, and intercourse with Coleridge was constant. "We are three people," he said, "but only one soul;" and when, two months after leaving Alfoxden, Wordsworth and his sister sailed for Germany, Coleridge was their companion. After a few days spent together at Hamburg, they parted company, Coleridge going to Ratzeburg, and Wordsworth and Dorothy to Goslar, where they had no society, and contented themselves with talking to the people of the house and reading German. On returning to England, some months were spent at Sockburn-upon-Tees, but for a long time they were undecided as to a future residence. At the close of the year 1799 they settled at Grasmere, and from that date the lives of Wordsworth and Dorothy are associated with the Lake country. Having mentioned these few incidents in a career very uneventful, so far as outward circumstances are concerned, it will be well to turn to Miss Wordsworth's own writings for indications of her character.\*

At Alfoxden, Dorothy began her first

\* The new and exhaustive biography of Wordsworth, in three large volumes, by Professor Knight is especially interesting for the copious extracts from Miss



journal, in which we see already the minute and loving observation of nature, and the intense joy in natural objects which inspired her brother's poetry. Winter has as many, or perhaps even greater, charms for her than the summer.

"A winter prospect," she writes, "shows every cottage, every farm, and the forms of distant trees, such as in summer have no distinguishing mark," and she observes that a real lover of nature will find it a pleasure to give winter all the glory he can, since "summer will make its own way and speak its own praises." And yet again, brooding on the same theme, she exclaims, "O, thought I, what a beautiful thing God has made winter to be by stripping the trees and letting us see their shapes and forms. What a freedom does it seem to give to the storms." The simplicity and lack of literary effort in Dorothy's journals add greatly to their charm. Sometimes she is content simply to jot down with an artist's eye for color what nature shows her—the oaks thick with feathery sea-green moss, the hollies pendent with their white burden of snow, the springing wheat like a shade of green over the brown earth, the sheep glittering in the sunshine; but often we come upon passages, and these are the most beautiful, which show that Dorothy Wordsworth sees nature also with a poet's imagination.

The germ of some of Wordsworth's loveliest poems is to be found in her journals. Two years, for instance, before his poem on the daffodils was composed, Dorothy wrote: "I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above slates; some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them over the lake; they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing." The two were talking one day of the pleasure they always felt at the sight of butterflies. Dorothy said that when a child she used to chase them a little, but that, as she was afraid of brushing the dust off their wings, she did not catch them, and the sister's confession was repeated in the brother's verse. So also was Dorothy's statement that when a child she would not pull a strawberry blossom; and no doubt it was to Wordsworth's perusal of her Grasmere journal, two years after the

incident occurred, that we owe "The Leech Gatherer."

"Blessings on that brother of mine," she writes with a sudden burst of affection, and it may be hoped that the loving wish was returned with equal heartiness, for never was poet more richly dowered with a sister's love, and, we fear it must be added, more exacting in his demands upon it.

Before his marriage to Mary Hutchinson, the homeliest household cares devolved upon Dorothy. At the same time, she was her brother's constant companion out of doors, and his amanuensis at home.

"There is no doubt," Professor Knight says, "that their long walks on the mountains, and the utter want of regularity, as to hours for meals, etc.,—perhaps an inevitable element in that poetic household—injured the sister's health. The records in her journal (which are not published) giving signs of this are most pathetic; and while her ministry of service to her brother is one of the most beautiful things recorded in the annals of literature, it may surely be said that the brother should not have accepted so much, and should have noted the injury she was inflicting on herself."

Wordsworth, though abundantly kind when occasion called for it, was not genial, and the Cumberland peasantry thought more highly of Dora. One of them said, "You could tell fra the man's faace his poetry would never have no laugh in it." He was always "booing about," writing his verses, and, according to a Rydal farmer, "When a man goes in a family way he keeps together wi' 'em, but many's a time I've seed him a takin' his family out in a string and never geein' the dearest bit of notice to 'em; standin' by hissel' and stoppin' behind a-gapin' wi' his jaws workin' the whoal time; but never no cracking wi' 'em, nor no pleasure in 'em—a desolate-minded man, ye kna. Queer thing that mun, but it was his hobby, ye kna. It was potry as did it."

According to the best local authorities, Dorothy Wordsworth was much more sociable and friendly. "As for Miss Wordsworth," says one of them, "she ud often coom into back kitchen and ask for a bit of oat-cake and butter. She was fond of oat-cake and butter till it, fit to steal it a'most. Why, why, but she was a ter'ble clever woman was that. She did as much of his potry as he did, and went completely off it at the latter end wi' studyin' it, I suppose. It's a very strange

Wordsworth's hitherto unpublished diaries; and to these volumes the writer of this paper is therefore largely indebted.

thing now that studying didn't run on in the family."

Strange, indeed, to the rustic mind. A carpenter brings up his son to the trade, why should not a poet do the like?

Dorothy's bright intelligence and genial ways made a stronger impression on the Cumberland peasantry than her brother's verse, for there's "poetry as takes a deal of mastery to make out what's said;" but the warmth of Dorothy's heart and the kindness that beamed through her eyes were always easy to understand.

The little cottage at the town end of Grasmere was the poet's home for about eight years, and it was not until four of these years had gone by that Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, who had long been the friend both of the brother and sister. "She was the perfect woman nobly planned" and "with something of angelic light" immortalized in the famous lyric, and though, according to most accounts, far from beautiful, was blessed with "a sunny benignity—a radiant graciousness," such as De Quincey states he never saw surpassed. Wordsworth's career, by the way, was full of the happiest incidents, and the good gifts of life fell, as it were, into his lap without much exertion on his part. At a supreme crisis his sister came to comfort and sustain him, and at the very spring-tide of his genius Mary Hutchinson came to add a double blessing to his life. There never was a man more favored, and one feels sometimes wickedly inclined to ask whether his satisfaction in his "womankind" was altogether in accordance with their deserts. His affection, no doubt, wore well, like Mrs. Primrose's wedding gown, but of the first and passionate love that gives a new glory to the sky and new witchery to the earth Wordsworth knew nothing. Just before the wedding he started for a tour with his sister, and on the day of the marriage wandered into a churchyard to inspect the tombstones, and, before reaching Grasmere, wrote a poor sonnet wholly unassociated with love or matrimony. The sister's journals would be still more interesting if she were a little alive to her brother's defects, and could enjoy a kindly laugh at his expense. But the sense of the ridiculous and the humor that gives a zest to life were unknown either to Dorothy or William.

To the journals I will now return, for they reveal far more of the real character of the writer than is to be gained from other sources. Her sensibility was so great it was well that household cares, which included making bread and mend-

ing stockings, kept her from too much brooding. Sometimes the loveliness of nature oppresses her, and she can hardly drag herself away, she is so sad; sometimes its solemnity "calls home the heart to quietness;" sometimes there is the simple enjoyment of natural objects, as when she writes, "I sate out of doors, great part of the day, and worked in the garden. The little birds busy making love, and pecking the blossoms and bits of moss off the trees. They flutter about and about, and beneath the trees as I lie under them." Often her descriptions are a mere inventory of what she sees jotted down, so that the scene, with its coloring, may be brought once more vividly before her.

Here is an illustration or two. "It was a delightful day, and the views cheerful and beautiful. . . . The colors of the mountains, soft and rich with orange fern; the cattle pasturing upon the hilltops; kites sailing in the sky above our heads; sheep bleating and feeding in the watercourses scattered over the mountains. They come down and feed on the little green islands in the beds of the torrents, and so may be swept away." And, again—the scene in this instance being viewed from a hilltop near Alfoxden: "The landscape wildly interesting. The Welsh hills capped by a huge range of tumultuous white clouds. The sea spotted with white, of a bluish grey in general, and streaked with darker lines. The near shores clear; scattered farmhouses, half concealed by green, mossy orchards, fresh straw lying at the doors; haystacks in the fields. Brown fallows, the springing wheat, like a shade of green over the brown earth, and the choice of meadow plots—full of sheep and lambs—of a soft and vivid green; a few wreaths of blue smoke spreading along the ground; the oaks and beeches in the hedges retaining their yellow leaves; the distant prospect on the land side, islanded with sunshine; the sea like a basin full to the margin; the fresh-ploughed fields dark; the turnips of a lively rough green."

During the earlier period of Wordsworth's residence at Grasmere, Coleridge was living at Greta Hall, Keswick a house forever associated with the memory of Robert Southey. He was dissatisfied with himself and with his wife, who, there can be little doubt, had already good cause to be dissatisfied with him. Dorothy, knowing nothing of the evil that was beginning to blight the poet's life, knew only that he was unhappy and needed sympathy, and her warm heart gave it to him in ample measure. Many were the

walks and conversations they had together, and after a visit to Keswick she writes, on returning to Grasmere: "Every sight and every sound reminded me of Coleridge — dear, dear fellow, of his many talks to us by day and by night, of all dear things. I was melancholy and could not talk, but at last I eased my heart by weeping. . . . O! how many, many reasons have I to be anxious for him."

Within a year of Wordsworth's marriage he started with Dorothy and Coleridge, on a visit to Scotland, Mrs. Wordsworth being unable to accompany them. The "Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland, A.D. 1803, by Dorothy Wordsworth," was published by Principal Shairp in 1874, and is one of the most delightful books of the kind in the language. The obstructions to Scottish travel in those days were not trifling, but Dorothy was untroubled by them. Sometimes food was scarce, and so occasionally were beds. The inns were often dirty and comfortless; often, too, the travellers were drenched to the skin, and struggled on through difficulties unknown to tourists in our day. Samuel Rogers was in Scotland at the time, and met Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Dorothy "making a tour in a vehicle that looked very like a cart." "Wordsworth and Coleridge," he says, "were entirely occupied in talking about poetry, and the whole care of looking out for cottages where they might get refreshment and pass the night, as well as of seeing their poor horse fed and littered, devolved upon Miss Wordsworth. She was a most delightful person — so full of talent, so simple-minded, and so modest!"

In the third week of the tour Coleridge left them, "being afraid to face such wet weather in an open carriage," and in the sixth and last week of the excursion they visited Walter Scott at Lasswade, and afterwards met him at Melrose on his way to the assizes at Jedburgh in his character of sheriff of Selkirk, and to that town they accompanied him. Then when the business of the assizes was over Scott travelled with the Wordsworths in their car to Hawick, and scarcely passed a house of which he had not some story to tell. "I believe," Dorothy writes, "that by favor of his name one might be hospitably entertained throughout all the borders of Scotland;" and she adds, "We wish we could have gone with Mr. Scott into some of the remote dales of this country, where in almost every house he can find a home and a hearty welcome." And it was not his fame as a poet that made Scott thus welcome, for this was

two years before he published the "Lay," but the irresistible charm of manner and warmth of heart which won the love of every one who had the good fortune to meet him.

A regret has been expressed that, instead of a minute description of outward objects in this Scottish tour, Dorothy Wordsworth had not recorded the conversations between her brother and Coleridge, but she had not in the slightest degree the art in which Boswell excelled, and it was natural that in keeping a journal never intended for publication she should do that which she felt herself the best qualified to do. The whole record of the six weeks' tour is written with the utmost simplicity. Throughout the volume there is as little indication of literary effort as in the paragraph with which Dorothy concludes her "Recollections:" —

"Breakfasted at a public-house by the roadside; dined at Sheffield; arrived at home between eight and nine o'clock, where we found Mary in perfect health, Joanna Hutchinson with her, and little John asleep in the clothes-basket by the fire."

The Scottish tour was made, as has been said, in 1803, when Miss Wordsworth was thirty-two years of age. In 1814 Wordsworth visited Scotland again, and on this visit took with him his wife and her sister, leaving Dorothy to keep house at Rydal Mount, the beautiful home to which they had removed in the previous year.

The next fact that broke the even tenor of Dorothy's life was a journey on the Continent in 1820 with her brother and his wife. The two women both kept diaries of this tour, and Wordsworth used them on his return in writing the series of poems which memorialized the tour. "It is hard to say," says Professor Knight, "whether the jottings taken at the time by his wife or the extended journal afterwards written out by his sister is the more admirable, both as a record of travel and as a commentary on the poet's work." Crabb Robinson, a highly accomplished man and a warm friend of the Wordsworths, accompanied them. He also kept a diary, and writes that he did not know when he had felt so humble as in reading Mrs. Wordsworth's journal — it was so superior to his own. He must also have been much struck with Dorothy's, for he advised her to publish it, but she replied, with her usual self-abnegation, that her object was not to make a book, but to leave to her niece "a neatly penned memorial of those few interesting months of

our lives." There was a time, however, when Miss Wordsworth did think of publishing her tour in Scotland, and the poet Rogers was consulted about it. "The fact is" her brother wrote in 1822, "she was so much gratified by her tour in Switzerland that she has a strong wish to add to her knowledge of that country, and to extend her ramble to some part of Italy. As her own little fortune is not sufficient to justify a step of this kind, she has no hope of revisiting those countries unless an adequate sum could be procured through the means of this MS." Rogers thought highly of the "Recollections," and Dorothy wrote to him expressing a hope that the book might produce £200, "a sum," she says, "which would effectually aid me in accomplishing the ramble I so much, and I hope not unwisely, wish for." The wish was never fulfilled, and seventy years passed away before the volume was published by Mr. Shairp.

In September, 1822, Dorothy made a second tour in Scotland with Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Joanna Hutchinson. The excursion lasted seven weeks, of which three were spent in Edinburgh. Still harping on the Italian journey, Dorothy wrote to Crabb Robinson, three years later, of a scheme for which "all their savings must be heaped up — no less than spending a whole winter in Italy, and a whole summer in moving about from place to place in Switzerland and elsewhere." This project was abandoned, and Miss Wordsworth's next tour was in England, and later on she visited the Isle of Man with her nephew. As usual, she wrote a journal on the occasion, which if not otherwise remarkable, shows that in approaching old age the faculty of enjoyment was undiminished. This was to be her last pleasure-taking excursion. In 1829 she was keeping house for her nephew, John Wordsworth, then a curate at Whitwick, near Ashby, and there, for the first time in her life, she was taken seriously ill. She recovered slowly, and on her return, by easy stages, to Rydal, had a second attack. Henceforth Dorothy Wordsworth's life was that of an invalid, although for some time she did not altogether give up the hope of restoration to health. Writing to Charles and Mary Lamb, she says, "Wishes I do now and then indulge of at least revisiting Switzerland, and again crossing the Alps, and even strolling on to Rome. But there is a great change in my feelings respecting plans for the future. If we make any, I entertain them as an amusement, perhaps,

for a short while, but never set my heart upon anything which is to be accomplished three months hence, and have no satisfaction whatever in *schemes*. When one has lived almost sixty years one is satisfied with present enjoyment, and thankful for it, without daring to count on what is to be done six months hence."

Dorothy's health was a constant grief to her brother. "Her state," he wrote, "weighs incessantly upon every thought of my heart." And in another letter, referring to Coleridge, he says, "He and my beloved sister are the two beings to whom my intellect is most indebted, and they are now proceeding, as it were, *pari passu* along the path of sickness — I will not say towards the grave; but I trust towards a blessed immortality."

Many a year passed away before the end came, for Miss Wordsworth survived her brother, but they were years of sorrow for those who loved her, and especially for him to whom through the glad days of early and later manhood she had proved a second self. Not long before he died, Mrs. Wordsworth said that almost the only enjoyment her husband seemed to feel was in his attendance on his sister, and that her death would be to him a sad calamity.

In 1805 Wordsworth wrote some beautiful lines addressed "To a young lady who had been reproached for taking long walks in the country." His biographer states that they were meant for his sister. If so, the poetical license in the verses is considerable, for Dorothy was thirty-four, and had little prospect of showing, as a wife and mother, —

how divine a thing

A woman may be made.

And unfortunately the prophecy of a serene old age, "lovely as a Lapland night," was not his sister's lot. The long walks for which she had been reproached were one cause, it is thought, of the comparatively early failure of mind and body. When her brother was dying, Miss Wordsworth heard of his condition with composure, and after his death, upon being carried past the door where the body lay, she was heard to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" She survived the poet nearly five years, and died at Rydal Mount in January, 1855, at the age of eighty-three. "And now," to quote Mr. Shairp's words, "beside her brother and his wife, and others of that household, she rests in the green Grasmere churchyard with the clear waters of Rotha murmuring by."

JOHN DENNIS.

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